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Christmas Diversions

THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

	Page
Comments	845
Santa's Girls in Mink	848
A Letter on Liberty. By Thomas Walker	848
London Diary. By Critic	849
This England	850
The Well-endowed. By C. P. Snow	850
Birth of the Lord. By V. Anant	851
A Shooting Christmas. By Edward Hyams	852
The Arts and Entertainment:	
At Six O'clock. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	853
Une Saison en Enfer. By John Berger	854
Look and Listen. By William Salter	854
The Arts and Entertainment—*contd.*	Page
The Movies. By William Whitebait	855
Correspondence	855
From Patrick Heron; Edward Hyams; Frederick Lohr; Winifred M. Ferrier; Kenneth Goligher; Sir Compton Mackenzie and others	
Christmas Diversions:	
Jake and the Beanmast. A Telepantolette. By Sagittarius	857
Publishers Anonymous	858
Books in General. By John Raymond	860
The Love Poets. By Robert Conquest	Page 861
Reviews:	
Crusades and Co-existence. By J. O. Prestwich	861
Far From Oxford. By G. W. Stonier	862
Fairy Tales for Book Token. By Naomi Lewis	862
Detection and Thrillers. By Ralph Partridge	863
John Bull's Tune. By Andrew Porter	864
Week-end Competition	865
Chess. By Assiac	866
Week-end Crossword. By Set-square	867

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

To the statesmen whose task it is to strengthen the defences of Western civilisation the Christmas holidays will provide only the briefest respite. A few days of family life, a few hours of festivity, a few moments perhaps after dinner musing nostalgically over the Christmas story—then they must return to their labours. Before those labours were interrupted, Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Dulles could claim two successes. First, since the island of Cyprus provides one of the bases from which the Soviet Union can be vaporised, they contrived that the United Nations Assembly in New York should refuse to listen to the Cypriot plea for self-determination. Secondly, in Paris they persuaded the Nato Council to agree that the defence of Europe's civilisation against the threat of Communism requires that its armies should be rapidly equipped with atomic cannon, atomic rockets and atomic bombs. As soon as the season of goodwill is over, Sir Anthony and Mr. Dulles will resume their labours. Their first task in the New Year will be to prevent any peace conference with the Russians from taking place before a peaceful solution of the German problem has been rendered almost impossible by German rearmament.

A hundred years ago Charles Dickens enlivened a Victorian Christmas with the tale of how an old miser was miraculously converted by the spirit of the season. If only we had a novelist today capable of writing a Christmas Carol about a British statesman who suffered a comparable conversion! He would describe how the Rt. Hon. Ebenezer Scrooge, returning to Whitehall from his Christmas plum-pudding, tried to practise the precept of peace on earth, decided that his country's policy would be based in future not on fear and suspicion but on goodwill towards men, and boldly proclaimed that Britain would abandon the atom standard and devote her resources to the war against want in her own colonies.

We fear, however, that this new Christmas Carol could hardly have a happy ending. In the short interval before its hero was disciplined for disloyalty by his party machine, he would have been magisterially rebuked by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Herbert Morrison and the *News Chronicle* for the heresy of neutralism and the shame of pacifism. Peace, he would have been told, can be achieved only through thermo-nuclear strength, and civilisation defended only by men sternly prepared to see us blown to smithereens. As for the benighted heathen of Asia and Africa, they must be persuaded and, if necessary, compelled to accept these blessings of Christian civilisation.

Perhaps it is wiser, after all, not to spoil the holiday by recalling its serious message. As we hear it from the carol singers and see it on our pretty Christmas cards, the story is an ancient legend worth re-telling once a year. But those who rudely tear it out of its traditional framework and seek to make it come true are troublemakers. Why listen to voices which tell us that, if someone in Moscow or Washington presses the wrong button, this will be the last time we eat turkey and plum-pudding before destruction falls from the air? Christmas is not the time to remember Sodom and Gomorrah!

Nato's Atomic Commitment

As we predicted last week, the question whether the soldiers or the governments should give the order for the use of atomic tactical weapons was nimbly side-stepped by the Nato Council. A more than usually fatuous official communiqué explained that, while the governments would, of course, have the final decision, the precise method of reaching it would be kept secret. Meanwhile, it was announced, the equipment of the Nato armies with atomic tactical weapons would proceed. This means that very soon the Nato Powers will have made themselves unable to fight anything except the kind of thermo-nuclear war which would end civilised life in Europe. No wonder Mr. Bevan observed last week that our answer to the Russians is: "If you are aggressive, the rest of us will all commit national suicide."

That this was really the conclusion

reached in Paris has been made clear by a number of inspired articles from special correspondents returning from the conference, of which that in last Tuesday's *Manchester Guardian* is a fair specimen. This article starts with a remark by a senior officer: "We are trying to keep an element of sanity in a nightmare world." It goes on to state that the outcome of a war would probably be settled within the first twenty or thirty days and for Britain perhaps within the first twenty or thirty hours. We are then informed that "rural places like East Anglia are now the primary targets, not the big cities. The citizens of Liverpool and Glasgow may perhaps sleep a little more soundly in their beds by realising that they would probably not now be the first to suffer." And it concludes with the consoling thought that our prevailing westerly winds may well blow the radio-active fall-out in the right direction. (Manchester readers no doubt noted that this means a 50 per cent. death rate in their city within the first hour if the Russians bomb Liverpool.)

The facts are: (1) That it has been ascertained by the American nuclear scientists that 100 H-Bombs would destroy civilised life in the north-east quarter of the U.S., and 12 would be sufficient for these islands; (2) that the Russians within the next two or three years will have the capacity to carry out both these operations; and (3) that the use by Nato of atomic tactical weapons against the Red Army would certainly force them to do so. It may be necessary, while the East-West deadlock continues, to keep a stockpile of nuclear weapons as an ultimate deterrent; but those military experts who plot the strategy and tactics of the next war in nuclear terms are toying with the mass-destruction of humanity.

The reason why this obvious fact cannot be admitted by the Service chiefs is clear. Since they are all concerned to ensure that their vast military budgets are voted next year, they must all pretend that armies, navies and air forces still have a function in the thermo-nuclear age. If it were once admitted that Britain cannot survive 24 hours of thermo-nuclear war, there would be no justification, for instance, for naval estimates allocating scores of millions to anti-submarine measures, or a two-year term of national service designed to provide a trained reserve which can be mobilised in twelve territorial divisions—in the six months *after* H-day.

Diplomacy of German Rearmament

The latest diplomatic moves in the German game give all the appearance of formalities to be got over before a new bout of serious power politics begins. The Russians formally give warning that they will regard the Anglo-Soviet and Franco-Soviet Treaties as cancelled by the Nine-Power Treaty. At the Amsterdam meeting of the Socialist International Mr. Morrison formally begs Herr Ollenhauer to come into line and present a united rearmament front with Dr. Adenauer; Herr Ollenhauer formally refuses, but loyally adds that he will accept the Nine-Power Treaty once a Four-Power Conference has been held and has failed. The French Assembly begins yet another debate which is expected to end in a reluctant vote for ratification and to be followed by the fall of M. Mendès-France. The reality behind all these manoeuvres is the recognition by both sides that, since a German peace treaty is now excluded, the struggle for Germany is to be continued by all means short of war, including the political warfare of Four-Power negotiations.

Martyrs for Enosis

Last week-end's riots in Cyprus culminated in the shooting of three youths, the first of this generation's martyrs for Enosis. The riots were touched off by anger at the manoeuvres in the United Nations. Britain's attempt to prevent an adverse vote in New York was to be expected; yet Cypriots were disappointed when the U.S. backed Britain and felt desperate when even the Greek delegate voted to postpone the matter for the time being. Legal protest being almost impossible—for the press is liable to censorship and there are no political parties or leaders with any share in governing any part of the island—a general strike and then street demonstrations were the only way in which Cypriots could make their voices heard. Once again, the tragic story of imperial rule is being repeated. Denied normal political outlets, a nationalist movement turns towards violence. If martial law follows, the seeds of terrorism are sown. Are events to take this course in Cyprus as in Palestine? In the long run, colonies and military bases are untenable if the local population is hostile; and in the short run such places can only be held by diverting troops to police duties and at the cost of increasing ill-will and inconvenience. The unhappy experience of the troops in the Canal Zone could easily be repeated in Cyprus. What can Britain do to reverse the unhappy course events are now taking? Though the development of self-government in Cyprus may take time, and though it may be wise to postpone a decision about the island's future sovereignty until its people have built some viable political institutions, neither reason justifies a police regime.

Feeble Opposition

The Labour Party seems to have been strangely reluctant to challenge the new scales of National Assistance. It was aware that, for a substantial proportion of those drawing Assistance, the new scales would mean no more than an increase of 2s. 6d. a week for a single person and 4s. for a couple, and—as Mr. Harold Wilson forcefully explained, in a speech which accepted much of the case argued in this journal recently—there are very good grounds for raising Assistance rates by about the same amounts as Insurance benefits. Yet the Labour Party will not press this to a division. The same logic prevailed as in the debate on the Insurance Bill: Labour must criticise, but it must not divide against the Bill lest at elections it is charged with opposing higher pensions. How much both Labour and public opinion must have changed if anyone could doubt where Labour stood! Fears of this kind are a sign of timidity. They spring from recollections of the use the Tories made of pre-war votes against the Service Estimates. The electorate, it is thought, does not understand that in parliamentary procedure a party may accept a Bill in principle but vote against its details. Yet the Tory vote against the Health Service Bill at its second reading does not seem to have done much harm, though this was Labour's most popular piece of legislation. Far more damage is done when Labour gives the impression that it will not fight for social justice—as Labour Members fought bitterly in the days of the Unemployment Regulations and the Means Test—or that there is so little difference between the parties that Labour endorses the Government's social policy and divides only when parliamentary seats are at stake.

The B.E.A. Dismissals

The justification for Mr. Peter Masefield's drastic disciplinary action against 315 of the B.E.A. maintenance engineers at London Airport lies in its success or failure. As we go to press, it appears to have been successful. It is almost impossible to argue reasonably that Mr. Masefield acted either unjustly or improperly in forcing a showdown with the group of unofficial leaders who had led the men into what B.E.A. describe as "flagrant defiance" of management. Some years ago it was reasonable to complain that the air corporations and the Ministry of Civil Aviation were seriously at fault in their handling of labour relations. A certain hangover of bitterness from these days remains and has been regularly exploited by unofficial leaders. But great improvements in management have been taking place; and B.E.A. has evolved a system of joint consultation which the T.U.C. holds to be a model of its kind. It is against this background that the Corporation has claimed that there is "no place" in its system of labour relations for conveners, shop stewards' committees or works committees. Mr. Masefield would have shown himself a little more generous towards the individuals who applied for reinstatement if he had not insisted on embodying this arguable point in a rather harshly worded contract of service which all the reinstated men have had to sign. In substance, however, he has reason on his side. The appropriate panel of the National Joint Council for Civil Air Transport is properly constituted to discuss the grievance of the individual shop steward which led to the dispute. It was, in fact, about to do so when the incident took place which led to the dismissals. It appears that the 315 men were induced to attend the meeting in defiance of the management's orders, and to pass a resolution in favour of going slow, simply because the relevant facts about the National Joint Council were not made clear to them.

The Rail Strike Threat

The decision of the N.U.R. to call a national strike on January 9 was an immediate riposte to Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's refusal to intervene or to make any definite promise of a subsidy to finance an increased wages bill on the railways. The Minister's argument was that the N.U.R.'s demand for the balance of the 15 per cent. increase sought last year must be treated as a new claim, and must accordingly be taken *ab initio*, beginning with its submission to the

Transport Commission. Despite Sir Brian Robertson's pledge of speedy consideration, this course must entail further considerable delay; and, in view of the union branches' emphatic rejection, this autumn, of the Commission's "last word" offer, the N.U.R. Executive seems to have made up its mind that the normal procedure was exhausted.

If a disastrous stoppage next month is to be avoided, the Government will clearly have to change its mind about assisting the Transport Commission to meet the N.U.R.'s demand. In his communication to the N.U.R., Mr. Boyd-Carpenter did not expressly exclude the possibility of such assistance if the Staff National Tribunal eventually found in the men's favour. Considering that it recently conceded substantially what the footplate men claimed, the Tribunal might, in fact, very likely grant all or most of the balance of the 15 per cent. The trouble is that the men are clearly not prepared to wait for the slow wheels of the regular negotiating machinery to turn. In these circumstances, only the Government can now break the impasse. Ways can be found. Even if a subsidy were not formally conceded, the Transport Commission could at least be authorised to accumulate a deficit over a stated period.

PARIS

Mendès Cracks His Whip

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The best entertainment available in Paris last week was undoubtedly the "de-Communised" stage version of Malraux's *La Condition Humaine*; but running it a close second was the hilarious spectacle of Mr. Dulles going through a series of diplomatic hoops at the bidding of the French Government. To Parisians, who best remember Mr. Dulles for his apocalyptic Geneva mood, this sudden transformation into a benign elderly gentleman was indeed startling. Nevertheless, his role was perfectly logical. Last month, he completed his personal (and, no doubt, agonising) re-appraisal of M. Mendès-France; having concluded that the Premier, far from being a Communist pawn, was a democratic "Superman" who could not only get the Paris Agreements ratified, but could also keep the Assembly in order for an indefinite period, he doubtless saw the glimmering of smooth water ahead. Imagine his disagreeable surprise, therefore, on arriving in Paris, to discover his new-found colossus staggering along the edge of what looked like becoming a bottomless Ministerial crisis!

For the last month, M. Mendès-France's enemies have tried to overthrow the Government, if possible, before the Paris Agreements were debated. North Africa offered them their best opportunity; but thanks to M. Bidault's over-eagerness, the Government scraped through. After this, the only suitable item left on the Assembly timetable was a section of the Budget dealing with credits for the Associated States. Here, as it happened, the Opposition was on firmer ground; for while the Government's North African policy is more or less in line with that professed by the MRP, it could be urged, with some justice, that it possesses no Indo-China policy at all. Until M. Mendès-France's visit to Washington, it had given half-hearted support to the Vietnam army's attempt to overthrow the pro-American regime of Ngo Dinh-Diem, whilst at the same time maintaining a "mission," without instructions and without diplomatic status, in Hanoi. At Washington, however, Mendès-France was assumed to have surrendered to the American thesis—an assumption confirmed by the enlarged scope of General Collins' activities, and by the appointment of a new, and pliable, Vietnam Chief of Staff.

Last week, however, the threat to the Government over the Associated States Budget became apparent. Since the rejection of a section of the Budget does not normally involve the Government's resignation, M. Mendès-France could well have agreed to re-write the Budget and postpone discussions on the revised version until after Christmas; but since Mr. Dulles was in Paris, he preferred to settle the issue on Monday with a vote of confidence. Before he could do this, he had first to prove to Mr. Dulles that his Government was in danger by allowing himself to be defeated by 10 votes on Friday night. Secondly, he had to prove to the Assembly that Mr. Dulles was so worried by the turn of events in Paris that he had agreed to "revise" American policy in Saigon. Throughout the week, therefore, inspired "leaks" began to appear in the press, hinting that Washington had now swung round to the French thesis that economic aid was more important to South Vietnam than military aid; and all this was "confirmed" by the talks held by the three Foreign Ministers on Saturday. By Monday, therefore, Mendès-France was in command of the situation, and this time he sent his whips out in real earnest. To be frank, it was a piece of parliamentary legerdemain in the best Laniel tradition, and M. Mendès-France is ill-suited to the role of American puppet, even when he is pulling the strings himself. However, not even Supermen can always choose their weapons, and at least he is safe until the next instalment—the vote on the Paris Agreements. Monday's decision by the M.R.P. to abstain—and it was this which gave Mendès-France his 310:172 majority—was a clear indication that the Premier's enemies now preferred that he, not they, should have to carry the odium of German rearmament.

WESTMINSTER

Parliamentary Pantomime

Members of Parliament have this year no need to await the opening of the pantomime season on Boxing Day. In its manipulation of boundary redistribution the Government has laid on a mixture of farce and drama equal to any traditional Christmas show. It would be invidious to suggest which Ministers are playing Principal Boy and Girl. But it is clear that, in the Government's eyes, Mr. Justice Roxburgh is the crimson, sequined and diabolical evil spirit who throws the plot into confusion. There is a real live Lord Mayor in the cast and Captain Crookshank, peering pathetically over the tops of his bi-focals, earnestly assuring the House that, "No one realises more than the Government how serious are the matters at issue" is the epitome of the Dame whose nightmare is the loss of the Goose that lays the Golden Eggs.

It is now clear that the Government seized upon the recommendations of the Boundaries Commissions—a splendid Gold Egg in the shape of several parliamentary seats—and decided, by the use of a three-line whip, to force through the relevant Orders before Christmas. A Privy Council was summoned for the Tuesday of this week, so that the Orders could be made in Council and thus become operative. The new boundaries, which are advantageous to the Tories, could then have been applied to the new electoral register which comes into effect in February. The Government could thus have secured the prize, even if an Election came in February.

Their first miscalculation was in underestimating the strength of the opposition—for in the House, Conservative back-benchers opposed, by voice, almost as vigorously as did the Labour Party. The House sat all through Thursday night of last week and even then managed to debate only a few of the Orders. Opposition was a discouraging exercise. Mr. Gwilym Lloyd-George and Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth for the Home Office stubbornly refused to argue on merits. We rest on the recommendations of the Commissioners, they argued tediously; the only difference between them being that Lloyd-George became more petulant and the fixed grin of Sir Hugh became more fixed as the night wore on. Still, by running through another all-night sitting early in the week, the Government could have held to its timetable. Then in stepped Mr. Justice Roxburgh. On behalf of the Lord Mayor and an elector of Manchester it was argued that the Commission had broken the rules laid down by Parliament in framing its recommendations. This was, in part, the case which Opposition spokesmen had deployed in the House. The rules established an electoral quota, a figure obtained by dividing the number of constituencies in Great Britain into the number of electors, thus giving a rough working figure to be used in determining the drawing of boundaries. This works out at 55,670. Other provisions of the law require that Scotland should have not fewer than seventy-one seats and Wales should have not fewer than thirty-five seats (Wales has at present, and is to retain, thirty-six seats). So if the quota of 55,670 had been used, thirteen more seats would have been created, and there would have been no need to abolish several seats now held by Labour. The Commission, however, regarded the creation of thirteen more seats as a "substantial" addition to the membership of Parliament, which the law provides should not be substantially increased or decreased. So they arbitrarily contrived for England another figure of 57,122, which they applied with disastrous results. Mr. Justice Roxburgh, ruling on this evidence, granted an *ex parte* injunction restraining the Home Secretary from presenting the Orders for the approval of the Privy Council. The ruling affected other Orders still before the House, and so the Government, on Monday, felt unable to debate them.

In the meantime the Government's Prince Charming, Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, the Attorney-General, dashed away to the Court of Appeal to thwart Mr. Justice Roxburgh and the Lord Mayor of Manchester. The Master of the Rolls, acting as the Good Fairy from the Government's point of view, overturned the injunction, ruling that the Commissioners acted within a discretion allowed to them by law. But all too late for Captain Crookshank's convenience. For the House was, by then, debating National Assistance scales instead of Boundaries.

On Tuesday, after two Cabinet meetings had pondered, the Government announced that the remaining Orders will be taken after the Recess, but those already passed by the House will be implemented. This, of course, will completely prejudice debate on the Orders held over. There is no real loss here, however, because the Government has already defaulted on its obligation to allow the House to deal judicially in the matter. In fairness, the whole body of recommendations from the Boundaries Commissions should have been scrapped and the English Commission invited to think again. That solution is the only one which would have been consonant with a seasonal triumph for virtue.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Santa's Girls in Mink

LAST week-end, a popular Sunday newspaper published a letter from a reader who complained that a shopkeeper, reproached for overcharging, had retorted: "It's Christmas—and we've got to make the most of it." The process is one in which not merely shopkeepers but the whole British public above the poverty-line has indulged, this year, to the full. All the available statistics—of retailers' turnover, of increased active note circulation, of heavy withdrawals from Savings accounts—point to a record national spending spree. Consumers appear to have devoted something like £150 million to "making the most" of this Merry Christmas.

Now this heavy seasonal expenditure is, in part, a healthy and welcome reflection of rising wages and full employment. In part, too, the increase in money outgoings is a consequence, not merely of a richer and more tempting choice of supplies, but—as tea and coffee drinkers well know—substantially higher prices. Finally, the lifting of restrictions on hire-purchase has clearly had the result that many families have decided to make Christmas the occasion for adding, on somewhat expensive credit terms, to the household's durable assets: the H.P. reindeer have been trotting with big loads of sofas, TV sets and washing machines.

Inasmuch as Christmas spending really reflects a prosperity whose edges have penetrated far into the working class, it is a symptom of well-being. But what has been equally remarkable about this Christmas is the volume of spending—as a stroll round Bond Street any day this month has revealed—by the wealthy section of the community on extravagant luxuries. Most of the money which is financing the purchase of diamonds and Rolls-Royces must be coming not out of income (nor even, we believe, to any great extent from "fiddled" expense accounts), but from untaxed capital gains. The stock market boom which has carried the *Financial Times* index of industrial share values from 128 a year ago to well over 180 has robed in mink the girl friend of every speculative Santa Claus.

This is a phenomenon on which Mr. Butler must ponder between now and his next Budget. For electoral reasons he is desperately anxious to reduce income tax on at least the medium range of earned incomes. But he cannot with impunity offer even a fairly modest *douceur* to the professional middle class, if the price is to be a real unsettlement among the industrial workers. Already there is increasing demand in the most respectable trade union circles for a wages free-for-all. Part of the reason for this is certainly the ostentatious expenditure out of capital gains which is flagrantly evident all over Britain. This is not only offensive to fully employed wage earners; it is also, when viewed against the increasing misery of the million or so whose means of life has to be scraped out of National Assistance, an affront to social conscience. This is an indigestible matter to raise while the Christmas turkey is in the oven. But it represents, all the same, a problem which the politicians cannot escape. The blunt fact is that the atmosphere of Mr. Butler's Britain would be more congenial to the Unjust Steward than to the Good Samaritan.

A Letter on Liberty

SIR,—Allow me to address to you a letter of congratulation, seasoned with a word of advice.

I have been much gratified to read in recent issues of your journal protests against the persecution of "dissenters"—I use the word in its widest sense—in America, and articles defending civil liberties in both that country and our own. I venture to write to you as one who has suffered considerably from political prejudice on the part of the authorities; and I believe a short account of my experiences may be of interest to many of your readers.

Ever since my youth, I have held liberal views like your own, supported progressive causes and fought against bigotry and superstition. When I was a lad, it was no crime to hope and work for social welfare, electoral reform, or even for racial and religious equality. Then came the Revolution. Oh that Revolution! What a welcome it had from those of us who saw in the fall of a corrupt and despotic regime the dawn of enlightenment in Europe! And what torrents of abuse from those who saw in it an imminent threat to their own privileged position! The more the Revolution established itself, the more all progressive people fell under suspicion. It was soon labelled treasonable to disapprove of religious and political persecution, to hold radical views or to show the least sympathy for any feature of the Revolution. The fact that a radical thinker might admit the excesses of the Revolution, and express his disapproval of them, was of no account.

A well-to-do merchant, at one time chief citizen of my native Manchester, I personally had nothing to gain by revolution. Yet I saw no reason why we shouldn't live in peaceful co-existence with those who were building a new society. I didn't see why we should go to war against a nation, just because it had adopted a system of government which our rulers did not like; nor did it seem to me any business of ours to help reimpose a hated despotism. The revolutionaries had their faults, but certainly they did not want war. They had to have peace to rebuild their country—and I for one was not ashamed to say I wished them luck.

There were plenty more like me all over England, and we gathered together in groups to further the causes we had at heart, by discussion, lecture and pamphlet. In the years following the Revolution, popular interest was great; and, though some of the better-off left us, our membership grew rapidly among the common people. The reactionaries, of course, detested our Societies, and the Government issued a proclamation calling on local authorities to suppress all literature which could be classed as seditious. It soon became a risky business to express any liberal idea in public. A certain Mr. Reeves, an extreme Tory, formed an Association in support of the Government's efforts. It was generally assumed that he was financed by the authorities; at any rate, he was never short of cash, and an army of paid spies and informers infiltrated our Societies. The Association ("For Preserving Liberty and Property against Republicans, Levellers") won a good deal of support in the provinces. In Manchester, local magistrates, High Church people and Tory business men flocked to spread its slogans. I was execrated for the unforgivable sin of being President of the Constitutional Society, especially as I lent my warehouse for the Society's meetings. One of the Association's first activities was to threaten the local publicans with a boycott if they did not ban radical meetings in their bar parlours. This campaign had a good deal of success; and, but for my warehouse, our meetings might well have been prevented altogether.

Pressure was put on local newspapers to refuse our advertisements—the result being that we had to start a paper of our own—and several provocative meetings were held to acclaim the Government's repressive measures. I remember one in particular, where the crowd were given free drink and ended by pulling up all the trees in the public square and using them as battering rams against the doors of dissenting chapels. On another occasion my own house was assaulted several times by the crowd, egged on by paid agents, but I scared them off with shots from a rusty old shotgun. Several of my friends' houses were burnt down and the offices of our paper smashed up. All the time, magistrates and police stood by, looking on and uttering words of encouragement.

In spite of our best propaganda efforts, the British Government did in the end declare war on the hated "People's Republic," and all of us who opposed this war of intervention were marked men. The very word "peace" was suspect. We stuck to it, however, publishing anti-war leaflets and advocating negotiations. Helped by the London Society, we managed to distribute 100,000 copies all over the country of one of our broadsheets; in it we argued that our overseas trade would be grievously damaged by the war, that many thousands of workers would lose their employment, and suffer misery, homelessness and hunger as a result.

The distribution of this leaflet was held to be a criminal offence, and two of our members were arrested for passing it round. One of them was a good fellow named Booth, and the other an illiterate Irishman, Thomas Dunn, who had attended our meetings on and off for a few months. We learned later that after his arrest the magistrate, the Rev. John Griffith, bribed him with gin and money to give evidence against me and some of the others. The result was a warrant for High Treason, issued against me; and an attempt was made to bribe Booth into being the second witness they needed. This he refused to be, but, under blackmail, he did in the end sign an incriminating statement about me, which he later withdrew. In the end, the authorities mounted a trial, at which I and ten others were indicted for sedition on the uncorroborated word of the man Dunn. The whole thing, I don't doubt, was framed by the Home Secretary, who loathed my politics, with the co-operation of local magistrates, clergy and business men in Manchester, who equally hated both my commercial success and my activities in the cause of truth.

As counsel, I had Thomas Erskine, the leading lawyer of his day. He put up a first-class defence and fairly demolished the evidence against me. "Gentlemen," he said, at the end of Dunn's evidence, "would you pull a feather from a sparrow's wing on the oath of this man?" Dunn, in fact, had made a bad impression from the start. He was tipsy when sworn in, and his evidence was obviously fabricated. He alleged that I said to him, the first time we met, that "we would over-

throw the constitution by and by"; that I damned the King—and all kings; that our members met in my warehouse (which had beams only seven feet six from the ground) to practise arms drill so as to assist the enemy in case of invasion; that we used to have readings from seditious books, and that, in short, we were organising revolution.

Dunn's character was easily discredited in the box; and my Counsel also managed to prove that the only arms I had were some old guns I had got together to protect my house after the attack on it by the mob. My witnesses were all respectable folk, and my own servants. They swore that nothing but orderly, peaceful business had ever taken place at our meetings and that I had never been heard to utter seditious sentiments. When Dunn returned to court after the interval, he had evidently been drinking, and was incoherent and aggressive. Cross-examined about a visit to my house, he replied: "I went there when I was intoxicated the same as I am now. I have my recollection about me, though it may seem to the Court that I may be ill or I may be not . . ." Even the judge had had enough and exploded: "We can't examine this witness. He is completely intoxicated." So my friends and I were acquitted, and Dunn was committed for perjury. For all that, the judge got in a farewell dig, saying he "hoped I would keep better company in the future." I answered that "I had been in no bad company, except that of Dunn, and that there was not a word or action that I wished amended or undone or that I would not repeat."

Dunn was jailed. Those who bribed him and were responsible for my ordeal went scot-free. Theirs was the responsibility, not only for what happened to me, but for the witch-hunt of other radicals, such as Selkirk, Muir, Margarot, Palmer —all treated as convicts; of Dr. Priestley, whose house and laboratory were burned down; of Thomas Hardy, whose wife's death was occasioned by his misfortunes; and of countless others, too, known and unknown, who were victimised for the mere fact of being dissenters. For myself, though acquitted, I had been smeared and victimised to the irreparable damage of both my business and my health: my costs amounted finally to over £3,000.

Sir, I have quoted my own little-known case at some length. It all happened a goodish time ago now, but it seems to me to have significance for you today. It can't happen here? It happened to me, 160 years ago, and could happen again unless you and your readers stand together to prevent it. In 1794, I wrote in my *Review of Some of the Political Events in Manchester* some words which still hold good:

> All attacks upon individuals which the enemies of Liberty have ventured upon have been owing to *the want of steadiness and concert amongst the friends of Liberty themselves*. The timid desert the bold, till the bold become cautious of supporting each other with their presence and unable to do so with their property. . . . Neither the Birmingham riots, nor the Manchester riots, nor the Nottingham riots nor the prosecutions, public or private, which have taken place, would have happened had not *the timidity and want of union among the friends of freedom emboldened their enemies*. Temper and moderation are truly valuable; but the professionally temperate and moderate men have been the first deserters from, and have done infinite mischief to, the rights of the people.

There doesn't seem much difference today in the "moderate friends"—or in the enemies of progress. But there is a new factor since my day, the great Labour movement which you now have behind you when you work to defend the ideas that we held. Once you can have the people organised in support of these, you will have no reason to fear or to fail. So on with the good work—and just occasionally spare a thought for your early radical great-great-grandfathers, who, after the French Revolution, did so much devilling for you. One of these now signs himself

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS WALKER

London Diary

"I NOTICED," wrote Carlyle in his diary (I have not checked his exact words) "that the men on the street corner were unusually drunk to-night; then I remembered it was the birthday of our Redeemer." Drunkenness is less apparent in our day, but Christmas, for pagan and Christian alike, maintains its orgiastic character. Go from Bond Street to Bow—if you can get through the continuous traffic jam—and you will find the same vast queues and crowds buying, buying, buying. And don't believe that this flood of generosity is the only sign of that Christmas spirit which in recent wars grounded the bombers and silenced the guns for just one day in the year. It even has its effect on official standards about law and order in the streets. Why is it that you have to fight your way past the big shop-window displays, the Uncle Hollies and the Mad Hatters' Tea Parties, while the police do nothing to prevent obstruction? Here at least the law is softened for rich and poor alike. "This day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love." One thing changed to love is the ancient grief, or quarrel, of the street trader with his Christmas trayful of toys, puzzles, "jokes" and puppets. At this time he takes up his stand, with the nonchalance of a man leaning over his own front gate, in thoroughfares as sacrosanct as High Holborn—where he has been doing it now for long enough to give him something like a Common Law right. The police look on with the wary and rather self-conscious tolerance associated with Boat-Race Night. They might, indeed, find it hard to prove that any of these hard-working salesmen were obstructing the pavement—the only bits not covered with struggling shoppers are, in fact, the little pools of space where the toy Charlie Chaplins rush round on one foot and a walking cane. Surely Christmas has become one of the oddest religious festivals in the world.

* * *

Appeals from the Soviet Union to scrap "the means of mass extermination" used to be regarded as mere propaganda, worthless because it is always easy to ask other people to throw away their main weapon. Today, when Russia also has the H-Bomb, an appeal from Marshal Vassilevsky to Field-Marshal Montgomery has a different ring. Writing in *Pravda* on December 4, the Russian Marshal quotes various "frivolous" threats by the British Field-Marshal, and adds:

> We do not really mind irresponsible American Congressmen waving the atomic bomb; they do not know what they are talking about. . . . Upon us, military leaders, rests the responsibility for the hundreds of millions of human lives, which may be lost in a future war; it is upon us, too, that there rests the responsibility for the destruction of the greatest centres of human culture and industry. The destructive power that science has put in our hands is so immense that we soldiers must also realise how essential it is to prohibit atomic weapons and to place this prohibition under effective international control. . . . We both know that A-Bombs and H-Bombs are weapons for the mass destruction of civilian populations and of whole cities, and that they are particularly dangerous to small countries with large populations. So how can you, Field-Marshal, frivolously preach the use of the A-Bomb and H-Bomb, and send public opinion to sleep by preparing it morally for the inevitability and even the necessity of atomic war? What you are doing is criminal. And let me tell you quite honestly as a soldier: your irresponsible statements force me to warn you that you are playing with fire—a dangerous fire. . . .

A strictly professional approach, which I find more impressive than Marshal Zhukov's polemics.

* * *

One of the most distinguished of Sir Winston's contemporaries and critics has celebrated his eightieth birthday with no notice from the British press. That is no doubt due to the fact that, for the last few years, H. N. Brailsford has been absorbed in research on the period of the Diggers and Levellers. Few men of our age have written so well or had so much influence. It was Brailsford's *The War of Steel and Gold* (1914) which, in England, started a realistic examination of the causes of international war. During the period after the first World War he brilliantly edited the *New Leader*; if the I.L.P. had had the sense to let him go on doing it, the Socialist movement would have had at its disposal a magnificent organ of persuasion. Thousands of people were first made interested in the Labour movement during Brailsford's editorship. A few years later he joined the staff of this journal, and contributed to it, mainly anonymously, right up until 1946. His memory of great events goes back to his experience of fighting as a soldier in the Greek war of 1897, to the atrocities of the Balkan war of 1912, and to the greatest days of the Revolution in Russia. Indeed, I can think of no journalist except H. W. Nevinson who has had so much experience over so long a period of trouble in many continents; and Brailsford has a far more penetrating and philosophic eye than Nevinson. He stands in the mind of all Indians as one of the foremost champions of their freedom. The only quarrel I have ever had with him is that he has refused to be persuaded to write his memoirs. I am still cross with him about this; he is depriving us of some important and exciting bits of history.

* * *

"And we shall above all continue to do all in our power to give good service and good value to the consumer. Her interests are supreme." Company chairmen often tag these Amens on to their *Te Deums* for a rise in dividends. They remind me of the passages in the repertoire of successful Labour leaders about the rank-and-file being the salt of the earth (provided they don't vote for Nye). Businessmen forgot the platitudes the other day when they attacked the British Standards Institution for setting up a Consumers' Advisory Council. I suppose the B.S.I. may have sounded as if it was going to organise consumers, and that, to businessmen, has the air of treason. Of course, the B.S.I. will not do so: it has not the power. The trade unions could do it though, and so go some way towards the housewives' union they have often talked about in the past. They have the money all right. Trade union reserves must amount to nearly £100 million by now.

* * *

The trade unions could start by establishing a testing service like the one Consumers' Union runs in the U.S.A. Hardly any of us consumers know the rival claims of the radio sets, refrigerators, detergents, toothpaste, or almost anything else we buy. We do not know which is best for our particular purpose. We do not know which offers best value for money. And have you ever tried to find out which sort of heating apparatus would be most suitable for your house? We used to say that nationalisation would produce co-ordination: but today the gas people tell you there is nothing more wasteful than electricity, the solid fuel people tell you that there is nothing more expensive than gas, and the Ministry of Fuel and Power stays in silent retreat. Many wives would

bless even the T.U.C. if they could get impartial and reliable advice on such questions. I am told the libel laws would not be a fatal bar. If they were to start preparations now, the trade unions would be able to take time on commercial TV to counter the ever more strident, one-sided and misleading claims from the advertising agents. Why the trade unions? Well, it is surely in their interest to make pay-packets stretch further, and there is always a danger that another consumers' movement would seek to lower prices at the expense of working conditions. The unions also have a ready-made local as well as national organisation, and you need that to run local campaigns about price and quality of the sort that the C.I.O. have sometimes conducted with the Consumers' Union in parts of America.

* * *

I wonder how far most readers got with "A Letter on Liberty," which we publish on an earlier page, before they realised which Revolution our distinguished contributor, Thomas Walker, was concerned with. His reflections, by the way, were transmitted to this journal by the agency of Miss Frida Stewart, who has been making a study of the Manchester radicals in the 1790s. She has had access, I believe, to a good deal of hitherto unpublished material—particularly about Thomas Walker and his trial—out of which she hopes to make a book. I look forward to reading it.

* * *

I remember reading long ago a satirical story in which the Paris chief of police, having cornered a desperate criminal in a house, called in cavalry and artillery and delivered his ultimatum: "Surrender, or I seal up the drains and cut off the postal delivery!" Mr. David Millwood, who built a house at Chislehurst this year, seems to be in a similar plight. After Christmas the Metropolitan Water Board will disconnect his supply unless he installs normal flushing cisterns in his two W.C.s. Believing in modern appliances, Mr. Millwood had dispensed with tank and chain and used a gadget called a Victory Valve, a type which has been used in the U.S. and Canada for a mere twenty-five years or so. About the size of a car piston, it is efficient, quiet and inconspicuous. The Water Board, apparently afraid that Mr. Millwood may consume slightly more or less than his statutory quota of two gallons, has insisted that the gadget offends against its bye-laws and told Mr. Millwood to remove it. (He could, it seems, retain it if he chose to pump his water from a private well.) Now Mr. Millwood, and the manufacturers of the valve, have answered the Board's technical objections, so far without avail. His more effective riposte, however, has been to point out that this device is in use at Buckingham Palace, the Dorchester, on some L.C.C. housing estates and, among other stately homes, at Chequers, where, I am told, Mr. Attlee asked for it to be installed seven years ago. I'm not sure whether this is being argued as a matter of plumbing or social justice. As technical pioneer or champion of social equality in the fundamental issues of life, Mr. Millwood has my sympathy.

CRITIC

DIVINE ERROR

If Mr. Strydom
Is really as God made 'um,
How could *He* possibly make
Such an appalling mistake?

NICOLAS BENTLEY

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A B.B.C. official stated yesterday that it had been decided not to delete from the Christmas Day programme, "Good Neighbours", stories about the atomic bombs dropped on Japan.—*Manchester Guardian.* (D. C. Gaunt.)

The very wealthy are giving ridiculously simple gifts done up to kill.

"For a business tycoon I wrapped a tube of toothpaste and a toothbrush—in white ermine! An ermine sleeve for the brush handle, a slip-in case for the toothpaste, both with the lady's initials in brilliants. An equally pretty idea in rabbit."—*Sunday Graphic.* (B. M. Bilham.)

Children who write to "Santa Claus, c/o The North Pole," will *really* get their letters delivered this year—by the United States Air Force.

The letters will be loaded into a Superfortress. When the plane gets to Santa's North Pole the letters will be dropped.—*Sunday Express.* (J. D. Aspland.)

Drawing attention to copper put in church collection plates, the Bishop of Sheffield, Dr. L. S. Hunter, writes in his Diocesan review: "It ought to be considered quite indecent for an adult to send up a penny, to be solemnly presented at the altar. If wage-earning people only want to discard a penny there ought to be a receptacle at the door."—*Northants Evening Telegraph.* (H. M. Andrews.)

The Well-endowed

THE taxi was driving out of Toronto along the lake-side; it was a fine October morning, the water was sparkling, the driver chummy. Rather unusual among Canadian taxi-drivers, he had an English name. We talked about the war, his spell in Normandy, his family, ice-hockey. Just as we were nearly there, he said, in the powerful whisper of one giving good advice: "Why don't you settle in this country?"

I said it wasn't so easy.

"You stay here. You just make your home here." He was getting engrossed in his theme. "If you stay here, why, a man like you could pull in four hundred bucks a week."

What as? Some English stiffness kept me from asking, just for a minute; then we had arrived, and I shall never know. . . .

In a flat high above the lights of Montreal, the tough, bright, jangling town, a friend was showing me photographs. This summer he had been prospecting in Labrador—prospecting not for metals, but for water-power, for he is a hydraulic engineer. Hundreds of photographs—from the air, from below a waterfall, from every conceivable bank. Some of them looked remarkably similar, but he was as enthusiastic as a boy, although he is getting on for sixty. If only he could finish his career, "making a contribution" to Labrador! There was nothing like it in the world! He is not a Canadian, but he was shining with that boyish, ruthless idealism one often finds in engineers, made up half of zest in the natural world, half of the passion to dominate it. There was nothing like Labrador and the Canadian shield! The Canadian shield, which stretches from Labrador west and north-west to the Arctic, and which covers more than half Canada, contains millions of square miles ground down by glaciers to the bare rock—swamps, shallow lakes, pine-forest, muskeg, tundra. Not inviting, never indeed cultivable; but to the engineer romantic, because it holds every metal that modern technology requires except vanadium, and is by a long way the richest source of raw materials in the world. . . .

Roger Lemelin is not only the best French Canadian novelist, but also, thanks to television serials, by far the most prosperous. He is the kind of writer that England and France have ceased to produce: as unselfconscious as the young Balzac, bouncing with delight in his own success, cleverer than most intellectuals but suspicious of them, still at thirty-five preserving the passion for athletics (boxing, *cyclisme*, shooting) of the Quebec working-class from which he springs. He is very much of a card, and Arnold Bennett would have loved him. Before we had been with him half an hour, he was exhorting us to write novels of Quebec. "You could! It contains all you want. You do not know it? You soon could! There have been Englishmen in Quebec as well as French; who has yet written about them?" I have never seen a novelist who was so enraptured by the material to his hand. Driving through the city, he was impatient with its beauty, he wanted to show off the Lower Town and the convulsive changes among his own people. "The industrial revolution has hit Quebec like a bomb!" . . .

Three incidents from a short trip. I was in Canada seven years ago, but this time it occurred to me, more sharply than before, how startling that expansiveness is, compared with our own state. We have been living on our wits so long, getting adjusted to a diminution of power, using our cunning, social discipline, stoicism and administrative skill to make do with too little—while this country, more than the United States, is in sight of too much.

In many senses it is the most interesting country in the West, plain, straightforward, abundant on the outside, but puzzling, complex, oddly situated in history, as you dig deeper in. First of all, the abundance is genuine. It is not easy for a visitor to get into proportion the harsh side of an economy like this one: a glimpse of the slums of Quebec or Montreal does not tell one much, except that they exist and are pretty grim. But I happened to be spending some time with electrical engineers, and there is at the moment a sizeable slump in both the Canadian electrical engineering and textile industries. For most of them, this seems to mean no more than that they go and get other jobs; the vocational pattern, as the industrial psychologists call it, is almost incredibly fluid by English standards; a man who has not worked for three or four different firms by the time he is forty is no better than a civil servant (and in Canada you can't say much worse than that). On the national Thanksgiving Day a Montreal paper carried a cartoon of an enormous horn of plenty labelled, with a magnificent and hubristic simplicity, "OUR COUNTRY." Even to my acquaintances in the harassed industries, this did not seem a joke in bad taste.

In terms of money income per head, Canadians are the second richest people in the world: recent figures are $1,300 compared with about $1,800 in the United States. In fact, the immediate palpable impact of Canadian prosperity is more dramatic than south of the border. A rough index of a country's wealth is the degree of congestion of cars on the main streets: when it is quicker to walk, the country is very rich indeed. By this simple test, Yonge Street, Toronto, and Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, come out even higher than Fifth Avenue. Toronto is the only town I know which issues a traffic forecast after the weather forecast on the morning radio.

Money incomes are, of course, deceptive, and

in real physical terms neither Canadians nor Americans are as much better off than ourselves as the statistics make appear—nothing like as much. Divide a Canadian dollar income by six, throw in a large car and a television set, and you have the approximate equivalent in pound income. Even so, there is an enormous belt of incomes in Canada between $6,000 and $12,000. Charge-hands and skilled workers, whose incomes come within this belt, live in houses no bigger than those of their English counterparts, and without gardens, which the English would demand; on the other hand, the Canadians eat twice as much meat, own Cadillacs and cottages up in the woods. As a standard of mass living, it is very high, much higher than anything in Europe, although it does not strike one as particularly comfortable. Perhaps the climate is too extreme for anything we recognise as comfort: the houses are too hot, the throat too dry, the car-drives too long. It is a country designed for active people, for somatotonic men—troops of cars drive three, four, five hundred miles on Friday nights to the country shacks for a week-end's hunting or camping or ski-ing or fishing. It is a playground for the young. When men get past the pursuits of youth, the country may be harder. Sometimes one catches with ageing men in Canada, more than in England, that particular sadness of those who have invested altogether too much in the physical fun of their youth—the sadness that one picks up in the pavilion at Lord's.

In the midst of this abounding restlessness, the cultural life goes on, intense, warm, but on the defensive, a bit thin on the ground, very closely linked to the universities. Several universities, such as Toronto and Queen's, produce and support financially their own serious periodicals; a good many of the best writers are on university staffs, Hugh MacLennan at McGill, E. J. Pratt at Toronto, some of the younger poets; publishers, journalists, literary editors, novelists, librarians, C.B.C. staff, mix in the academic circles and often have been academics themselves. This university direction and patronage of the arts has, of course, already gone a long way in the United States, and is just becoming perceptible in England; it is a response to mass-civilisation and mass-communication, but it carries, as reflective Canadians know better than we do, its own dangers. Some English-speaking Canadians think, a little wistfully, that there is a bigger non-academic cultivated public in Quebec Province, on the principle that people speaking a foreign language usually seem cleverer than your own. As an outsider, I doubt it. Perhaps the soil in Quebec is richer for young novelists, for the moment: in a group younger than Lemelin's, there are one or two very promising ones, notably Langevin. But the intellectual climate is very much controlled by Laval University, which is incidentally a Liberal Catholic university of very high class, and the social conscience of the Province.

There are good writers and scientists all over Canada; there are excellent historians now busy on their own history, like Donald Creighton; there are many people passionately concerned for the arts. But, side by side with the colossal collective confidence of the country, goes often a deep individual diffidence. I have a strong impression that they need above all to throw up a creative father-figure, a kind of Rutherford or Gorki, absolutely confident of his own merit, who would fight some of their external battles for the young men and give them a conceit of themselves.

They will need this more, the faster the country expands. How fast it actually will expand, you can hear arguments all over the place. Young engineers imagine that, within a generation, it will be the third industrial power in the world. But I do not believe they allow anything like enough for the checks-and-balances, the labyrinthine compromises, of their own politics. French-speaking against English-speaking, Atlantic against Pacific, raw materials against industries, above all the complex of local trade unions associated with, and taking policy from, the American unions: this country, so economically uninhibited, is politically cautious and old. That is another contradiction of Canada's. Their master-politician, Mackenzie King, made our political bosses, such as Baldwin, look like brave fanatics.

At the comparable period in the economic history of the United States, when its expansion stood waiting for it, anything could happen: limitless immigration, the Statue of Liberty welcoming the down-and-out proletariat and peasantry of the world, devil-take-the-hindmost, lifetimes of hell for the unlucky. Canada's expansion—and theoretically a greater expansion—is there waiting also: but it is 1954 not 1904, and a great many things can't happen. To become a great industrial power, the country would have to double its population, now 15,000,000, very quickly: and that is one of the things that can't happen. "We like it the way it is," said an intelligent professional woman: no social democracy could choose otherwise. So the likelihood seems to be that, by the end of the century, Canada will be not a junior United States, but more like a continent-wide Sweden, containing very few people by the side of the great Asian Powers, but those living more richly than any on earth. The trouble is, the gap in prosperity between the Canadians and the Asians will not have diminished, but have stretched.

C. P. Snow

Birth of the Lord

They, the Christians, were singing the birth of the Lord. Precision voices, turned fine like the threads of a screw; foghorn voices; women's voices blown through smartly pouted lips; manly voices, strong as pay-packets bulging with overtime, were singing the birth of Jesus.

In Vinoo's heart a whole horde of Hindus listened. And they poured out in simplicity a sure-spun song from the spinning wheel of their cyclic lives, the mocking echo of his own youth, frighteningly hale and hearty in its familiarity.

"Come, carol with us, m'lad! Here's to you and Happy Christmas!"

"*Om, shantih, shantih, shantih,*" his Hindu heart chanted.

"Dead, dead, dead," came the twisted echo. "Dead as the last tear that dropped from your mother's eye as she saw you sail for England. Dead the day they cut your Brahminic hair and sent you to Mission School. Dead as the finger that you now use to fix food with a fork. Dead as the Sanskrit book sold in the second-hand shop for a copy of Robin Hood. Dead as the dust on the oil lamp you never lit for Divali. Dead as the sacred thread hung on a nail in the dressing-room when you went in to bowl. Dead as a dark deed."

"*Idam, na mama,* this is not mine." The Hindu poured Vedic sacrifice, smooth as sweat, like ghee, into the blazing log-fire.

"These people are yours," said the echo, English-firm, particular but polite. "Come, sing the Christ. Cheer yourself with a piece of cake."

"*Neti, neti,* not this." The Hindu shook his head.

"I see you will tire me with miracles," said the mocking echo. "Come, I will show you the fountain of faith."

Countless centuries of Hindus took the Tube with him to Trafalgar Square, all in yogic grey flannels.

"See," said the magic echo, "see the Light of The Lord. Christ is not in a card bought at the bargain counter. Christ is not counterfeit deeds cashed at confession. Christ is not the pig uneaten. Christ is this. Look! Cold men, shivering without fear, clear Christian men, crying out in fulfilment."

"*Sarvam, jagatmayam maya,* all the world is an illusion," upright like the Upanisads, the Hindu spoke. "From *yuj*, to bind, comes yoga; a science of wisdom to hold the three dimensions together."

"*Narayana, Narayana, Narayana,*" three circles word-woven round the crowd; bound in a yogic knot he sat saying, "*Narayana, Narayana, Narayana* . . ."

The call of a devotee. Lord Krishna flung aside his *dhoti*, and the temper hidden in its folds revealed itself as snow on the bared head of the Brahmin below. Human, he was angry, at the thought of the warm clothes needed to undertake this journey in mortal time and space, overcoat, goloshes, hat, gloves, comforter, and, gentle afterthoughts, a passport and a Sanskrit-English dictionary.

"*Narayana, Narayana, Narayana*"—painful with joy at seeing Lord Krishna, the Hindu pricked himself with his own poison of doubt.

"O.K. Cut it out. I'm here now," English phrases crackled like toast in a mouth softened on honey and goat's milk.

"Oh, Liberating Light! Here, Lord, is a conflict. Here's the symbol, this Nelson's column. And here, aloof in the Himalayas of my heart, my Hindu forbears. There, my Lord, they dance at my dismayed door, carrying their Cross to batter my hut down. What can I do, Oh Sri Krishna? Are they my people then, as the echo says, for did I not disown my mother's *mantras*? What shall I do, O *Nilakanta*, for I am too Indian to fight and too English to surrender."

"*Aham Brahmasmi*, I am All-in-One, I am Brahman; *Tat tvam asi*, that thou art; All is Wisdom, all Wisdom is Brahman. I am the Beginning and the End."

"But my mother cried," Vinoo wept, "and I want answers to my questions."

"Then I will tell you. Listen: her tear was swelled into the ocean and carried you, wave by wave, seasick to Southampton. In shedding pain she purged herself. She loved you more than life, and your love stood like a white horse tempting her to desire. Her white horse she caught by the mane and made a sacrifice. And in its flesh she burnt her every atom of attachment."

"Oh, mother, you are free! But I am bound . . . and bound I know not where. Lord, they cut my hair . . ."

"Ah, so they did, and to purpose. You said you would not learn at home: you said that Sanskrit words were knotted, black, long-locked. They made you light of step. You skipped through Huxley, Muller, Isherwood, Baudelaire, Radhakrishnan, Coomaraswamy, drawn on by crystal light."

"Tell me then, Lord, the sacred thread I discarded? Was that not a symbol of all hope abandoned?"

"Somewhere you had to hear the drums of battle. Arjun heard it at Kurukshetra, and you would only hear it on a cricket field. Your warriors had early become batsmen-heroes, bowlers, from some poem you had learnt at Mission

School. You played your innings well, and fell. Do you remember what the score read?"

"Nothing, *swayamjaya,* nothing."

"Then you must have learnt the value of Nothing. Your score meant naught, but with the whole side you had played the game. The fruits of your action were in the urn as ashes."

"You make me tremble with shame when you talk of ash, Oh Lord! For did I not forsake my caste marks ash-drawn on my forehead, and even leave unlit the oil lamp?"

"True, and twenty priests lost two annas each. In Non-Doing you were corrupted, and they in Doing were corrupted. A lesson lost to you, a moral gained by them. In that you learned that I am both Cause-and-Effect."

"I see it all now, Sri *Gudakesa.* But you must explain still some more. Right here, this Nelson's column, has it any meaning?"

"Yes, for them it has a meaning. Your totem pole is the *lingam* in the temple. They keep a phallic symbol in a public square."

"These trees, these confusing branches?"

"Do you not know that Kaikeyi sent Rama to the forests, exiled for fourteen years in *vanavasam*? This is that self-same forest in which they see themselves exiled."

"Show me, then, my path, Oh Lord of Light, that I may take it?"

"To you the path is not important any more. It is direction you want."

"The direction then? Which way? The laughing lane of the mocking echo? Or the barefoot alley back home?"

"You think of Right and Left, and North and South, and straight and crooked. But I can move like energy; I contract; I expand. And any path you take will bring you back to me, for you are only me coming back to myself. Take any direction, or take them all."

"Then must I leave all these people, these my friends in a foreign land? Shall I cast them aside like an old pair of spectacles, which once did help me read and write?"

"Their hope is in their hearts, as even yours is in your own. The faith in the heart of a mustard seed is the faith of a mustard tree, the force in the heart of a drop of water is the force of a waterfall. And when one hopes, all mankind hopes with him. For I am all mankind and I am in every man."

"One question more, Sri Krishna, answer me. I came here seeking Light. The path you show seems to say to me that I can seek no more, but I can only *give.*"

"Now, at last, my son you are wise, and on the way to Wisdom. When you have lost yourself, all that you have acquired, milk at your mother's breast, sacred thread from your father, holy water from the Hindu priest, festers and pain and conflict from the Christ, when you have made a vomit of it all, you will be naked child again, you will be me, Christ-Krishna. Child in a crib. Or child on the head of a serpent."

"Our Father which art in Heaven . . . *Om bhur bhuvasuvaha* . . . and the Holy Ghost. . . Amen, *Om*!

V. ANANT

A Shooting Christmas

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1944. Crawfurd came into the mess and resumed teaching Lieutenant van Rinke to recite "It was Christmas Day in the harem," with gestures. Cornelis, the naval officer i/c, said: "High Jesus! Still fooleries!" Only two of us were English. He was bored with us: he hardly knew what we were doing there. Crawfurd had a wireless set, and I asked him if there was news. He said there was: Runstedt was hunting the Yanks out of the Ardennes "quicker than the Belgians could burn their star-spangled banners and dust off their swastikas." Van Rinke said, "This is not true." "About Runstedt?" I asked, hoping for reassurance. It was disagreeable to be, apparently, marooned on a mudflat by that turgid river with the Germans on the way to getting behind us. "About the Belgians," van Rinke said. Crawfurd sat down at the piano and said, "I bet it's true. You can't blame them. What would you do, chums?" He played *Parlez moi d'amour* with heart-rending sentiment. Over his shoulder he said, "There's a wonderful order from Shaef. Sheets of it on that pretty pink paper. About Germans with vitriol." "Vitriol?" I said. "That's it. I'm going to have it framed after the war. Such long sentences. And such—*impassioned* language. Dear me, our American cousins *have* brightened up military literature." "Why vitriol?" I said. "I think," he said, "that must be top-secret. Hundreds of Germans, intrepid fellows no doubt, swarming behind our lines, all disguised as wounded American majors—and they throw vitriol at you."

I wanted to know what they hoped to gain by that but Crawfurd did not know either. He played *Plaisirs d'amour.* Then he said, "What are we going to do for Christmas? It's a little late to make any arrangements. Everything will be *booked.* To think we had planned *plaisirs d'amour* in Brussels." "We couldn't have gone anyway," I said; "someone's pinched all the distributor arms from the jeeps again." "The sentries," Crawfurd said; "but how about a day's shooting? Partridge, and, in the evening, wildfowl. I've borrowed two guns." "Won't the farmers mind?" I said. "Certainly. They will probably *create. Et après?*"

Snow fell in the night. In the morning we had a white Christmas and a clear sky. There were Me's over the town—eight, Crawfurd said. In theory they were mining the river again; sometimes they came down and shot up an ML or a lighter in a casual sort of way. We zig-zagged across the choppy, grey water in the Commander's launch. An Me hung about us like a gull over a dubious herring-shoal. Crawfurd whistled *More Work for the Undertaker.* There was a curious smile on his face: if he was frightened, as I was, he enjoyed being frightened. The aircraft slid away from us and made down river. Crawfurd, who loved mixing tongues, said "Un métier—*caffardeux.*" He took the wheel from the Dutch rating and brought the launch alongside the jetty with showy precision. He said, "The Merchant Marine has a remarkable—*—tropism,* for mud." There was a loud bang from the direction of the canal lock and a lot of smoke. "*Ca commence,*" Crawfurd said, "*—à—barder!*" He laughed. What pleasure he took in fooling with words, in the bright dangerous morning, in the intensity of his own sensations! In the midst of death he was very much in life.

The terrain of our shoot consisted of snow-covered, long, uncultivated fields between high, grass-grown dykes. We stood under elms on a small rise of land. Rooks went round and round above us, tumbled by the wind. Crawfurd said we had to wait for the next raid-warning, explaining that the ack-ack would act as our involuntary beaters. Three Me's went fast and low up-river; and all along the water front, from a hundred trenched emplacements, the clamour of Oerlikons and the thumping of Pom-poms broke out, the Me's dipping and swinging aside and coming lower. "Mad devils," Crawfurd said, raised his gun, pointed, fired as four red-legged partridge came crying out of a sedge bank while I was still gaping. He got two of the birds; I missed the other two. "I'm afraid we'll have to — — *rough it,*" he said; "pick up our own game, you know."

There was no more activity for an hour. I, expounding rook-pie, wanted to shoot rooks; Crawfurd, with his little malicious trick of making one feel ridiculous, said "What an old death-dealer you are!" I said I was hungry, and he passed me a flask of Hollands and said that we were lunching out. It seemed improbable, but I followed him across two fields and clambered up one side of a dyke and down another as the ack-ack along the river broke out again like a kennel full of excited hounds. There was a narrow canal with a big ML type of boat moored against the towing path. Crawfurd led the way aboard, saluting the quarter-deck with elaborate ceremony. To the rating on deck he said, "Why isn't that Oerlikon manned?" The rating said he did not know: "Lieutenant Branston's compliments, I was to say, and he and Mr. Webb 'ave 'ad to go to Ostend. You're to 'ave your dinner, though."

The want of ceremony irritated Crawfurd. He gave the man the partridges. "Wot am I to do with 'em, sir?" "Stuff 'em," Crawfurd said, and led the way down to the tiny wardroom saying, "Branston's got a tart in Ostend." His voice was curiously prim and cold.

We drank all the gin there was, about half a pint each, with bitters. The galley sent in hot corned beef, dehydrated potatoes wetly reconstituted, and tinned Christmas pudding. But they gave us bottles of Champagne looted in Ghent. "Branston," Crawfurd said, cattily, "is the sort of man who buys his friends." We drank a bottle each. I became sleepy, but Crawfurd looked very wild. There was a tremendous roar from the direction of the river, so that the steel hull of the boat vibrated profoundly. When we reached the deck, we were in time to see a flight of Me's turning in a sweet curve over the town across the river. A heavy overcast had moved in solidly from over the sea and the light had that almost visible stippling of grey in which colours are articulate.

To the man on the Oerlikon Crawfurd said, "Out of that!" and took the gunner's place, planting his feet with what I can only call rejoicing violence, bracing his small, graceful body, putting forth strength, swinging the heavy gun as he had swung the shot-gun on to the partridges. The Me flight scattered. Two came our way. Crawfurd had swung the gun towards the more distant attacker. The other was coming over low from behind him. "Mark over!" I said, pointing, and he threw the whole massive weapon round with one sweeping turn, there was a short burst, the aircraft lurched and went over us, smoking and rocking. "Winged," Crawfurd said, and shook his head. He swung the gun round again and took the other plane as it shied away from us. It was beautiful shooting.

The light became lowering and shell-bursts over the town showed up silvery white. Some of the guns were using tracer, which pencilled the over-cast with swift, lovely parabolas of fiery red. And then, early, disturbed by the hullabaloo, the duck and geese began coming in over the defences, through every break in the barrage. There had already been trouble about the geese. The anti-aircraft boys were, according to the

angry Dutch, apt to arrange for a radar warning at the twilight hour of the evening flight, loose off a few shells among the birds, blowing a score to bits for the sake of the one or two which might fall sufficiently in one piece to be fit to eat. So there were standing orders against wild-fowling with anti-aircraft guns. But had I been inclined to try I could not have stopped Crawfurd. Orders did not impress him: he would spend a day or a week in a diving suit at the bottom of the river among the mines, breaking up a dangerous wreck with charges of explosive, but he did it because he wanted to. "Dicing with death!" I once sneered at him, in a moment of exasperation. He called me a dirty name and said I had a "common" mind.

He gave the incoming geese a sporting chance: in any case they were no more than shapes sketched in pale crayon against the darker sky. He shot at long range, when the birds were between us and the next high dyke. He killed seven, and two ratings brought them in, great white and grey birds. Coming down off the gun he looked so pale I thought he was ill but he said "There's light enough to kill some pigeons"; and we took our guns and went back over the dykes and fields to the elms and waited there in silence until the light had altogether waned. There were no pigeons.

The walk back to the town in the dark was an eternity of stumbling and cursing, falls, the nausea and headache of the gin, and the game we carried getting heavier all the time. We came upon an Army working-party with a captain whom we knew; they were investigating Crawfurd's first Me. The pilot's burned body had been laid out on the dirty, trodden snow which crunched under our feet. Crawfurd looked at the body indifferently. Crawfurd gave the geese to our Army friends, who asked us to dine in their mess on Boxing Day. We went on more easily, both looking at the dead pilot as we passed. Presently Crawfurd stopped to be sick; his own vomiting disgusted him to the verge of blind rage, so that he stood there afterwards repeating over and over again Baudelaire's blasphemous scatalogical curse as if he meant it and was animated by a passionate loathing of God.

I was moved on January 2 and did not expect ever to see Crawfurd again. We said that we must meet "after the war," but I cannot recall that we even exchanged addresses; all we had in common was the war. The sympathy, the tenderness indeed, which had sometimes united us was engendered by conditions we should certainly never encounter in peace-time. Nor were the circumstances in which I did happen to see Crawfurd again such as to involve us in a joyous, back-slapping reunion. An acquaintance took me into a club off Shaftesbury Avenue, for a Christmas-greeting drink. He said that I "ought to see it," as if I were a district visitor in the slums. There was one large room, painted white, and with a smoky-grey carpet; a plaster Apollo belvedere, a bar, three fruit machines, a juke-box and an upright piano. Apart from the barman there were two young men sitting close in tub chairs and whispering; one of them had back-hair so full it was almost a chignon; he kept patting it into place with a graceful gesture. I could not see the man who was playing the piano so well, playing *Love for Sale* and guying the mucky sham pathos with clever little touches of emphasis. When I got to the bar I looked round. The pianist was Crawfurd.

He was using lipstick and a touch of green eye-colour. His hair had always been bright, but now it was extraordinary: it had been dusted with silver. "Hallo, Crawfurd," I said. I must have shown my awkwardness, for his smile was malicious. He got up and joined us at the bar. My host looked prim and moved away a little. I ordered a drink for Crawfurd. The barman said, automatically, while serving the drink, "You a member?" And Crawfurd said, "If you only knew, you'd clock him one for that." I was annoyed and told him not to cry stinking fish. Crawfurd said, "I read one of your books, I forget which." "Good," I said, "I hope it gave you as much pleasure as it gave me." "I suppose there's a living in it, of a kind," he said, like a sentimental toughie in a pre-war American satire. We finished drinking and I said, anxious to be as unpleasant as I could, although I did not at once know why I was so angry, "Are you happy in your work, Crawfurd?" He wiped some lipstick off the edge of his glass with a little fastidious frown, rubbing at it with the corner of a small handkerchief. "It's all right," he said, and, with a grimace of self-mockery, "*A la paix comme à la paix*, you know."

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

AT SIX O'CLOCK

At six o'clock I dutifully turned on the wireless in order to listen to some new music. The adverb implies, of course, no good state of mind in which to approach any work of art, least of all something new and difficult; but if we are honest we must admit that six p.m., the hour often chosen for such programmes by the Third Programme, can catch us at a low physical ebb, and consequently in a low state of receptivity.

But Humphrey Searle's Symphony had not proceeded far before I found myself caught and held by the passion of his argument; no matter in what circumstances, such a work would make itself felt by virtue of its sombre striking power. Though presumably written within the twelve-note system, like the rest of Searle's mature work, the music often sounds more diatonic than chromatic; its four movements, though continuous, are clearly distinguishable. The opening Lento is very striking, with a shivering background against which motives gather on wind and brass to explode into an Allegro of unremitting seriousness and of an emotional colour that suggests nervous exasperation, perhaps even horror. Tranquillity is hinted at, never attained. The slow movement soon leads into, or is interrupted by, a swirling passage of unbridled fury for the strings. At another point, softly moving masses of high string chords in close formation, in themselves dreamily beautiful, are pierced by a series of brief and savage outbursts, as though from an animal pacing the bars of his cage. Not peace, but emptiness, is the note of the symphony's bleak ending.

In writing thus, I run the risk, not only of mistaking the composer's intentions, but of alienating his public. The cult of violence and despair has given rise to much bad art, and to a good many bad symphonies. Nothing is more boring than the self-important gloom, the warring fanfares, the Pelion-upon-Ossa epilogues of the ambitious young symphonist with nothing of his own to say and a vast orchestral apparatus to say it with. But Searle's symphony had nothing to do with fashion: its voice was that of an idealist in a blazing passion who had yet retained the full mastery of his intellectual powers. On the strength of a single hearing, I cannot affirm that it will prove to possess the lasting quality of Walton's Symphony or the Fourth Symphony of Vaughan Williams; but these are the two works which it instantly calls to mind. The performance we heard was a none too good tape recording of the Hamburg première under Hermann Scherchen, who has long been an advocate of Searle's music; it will be scandalous if one of our great orchestras

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does not shortly give us a chance to hear it in the Festival Hall.

The Symphony was followed by a Piano Concerto by Nikos Skalkottas (1904-1949), a neglected Greek pupil of Schönberg, for whom high claims were advanced by an article in the *Listener*. No very marked individuality was revealed to me by the performance; but, what with the time of day and the impact of the preceding symphony, I may well be wrong.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

UNE SAISON EN ENFER

Hope sits like a wait on the world. The picture was as popular as *Love Locked Out* and *Bubbles*. The transience of childhood, the impossibility of love, the elusiveness of hope—these were the themes that sustained the Victorians in their confidence and comfort. The nature of their guilt may have been complex but the resulting ambivalence of their faith is very clear in all their painting—clearer than in their literature. And Watts epitomised Victorian painting.

The present Watts exhibition at the Tate is small but includes examples of all his very varied styles: his portraits, allegories, landscapes, drawings, frescoes and sculpture. It is badly hung, but this is more than compensated for by the excellent catalogue, full of interesting information and balanced in judgment. Everybody who contributed to it should be congratulated.

Watts's work is the epitome of Victorian art because in almost everything he did there is a threatening gulf between his ideals and the subjects in which he chose to embody them. Nothing is taken for what it is. The wish was Victorian father to the thought. Tennyson, who in some ways resembled Watts, was painted as though he were a blind man: his eyes unseeing in order that his inner vision might be preserved. Ellen Terry (whom Watts married when she was 16) chooses a gardenia by smelling it—but a gardenia is a scentless flower.

It is impossible to pin down the exact cause of Watts's painful ambivalence and anxiety. He had an uneasy social conscience and sometimes made direct social protests in his work, but also his fears were highly personal. Obsessed by death, he painted several pictures of Cain. In his remarks about these, both aspects of his conflict come out:

> Cain is in the grasping of riches to the hurt of others, or in indifference to others; in the building of houses unfit for dwelling in; in the polluting of streams without regret.

But also, desperately indentifying himself with Cain, he wrote,

> Not only are his fellow men unconscious of his presence, but all inanimate nature has cast him out: no bird or living creature acknowledges his being.

These conflicts, always partially suppressed, fatally affected his talents as an artist. He was unable to draw. What he wished his subject to stand for, came between him and its form. He thought that the aim of art "should be to give the impression of some great truth of nature, something so far too great for expression that finally it must remain indefinite. The infinite looming behind the finite." It loomed so large that the pucker of the brow destroyed the form of the skull—or prevented him ever seeing it: the anxiety of the eyes dissolved the eye sockets. Occasionally, as in his portrait of Cardinal Manning, the intensity of feeling is tremendous. But one only wonders: Was it really possible to see a man like that? Never: Was he really like that?

Some of his small drawings are comparatively successful, but then any reasonably talented artist produces a few good sketch-book studies during his lifetime. Nor is this harsh judgment a question of changing visual taste—one has only to compare Watts with Millet. One might argue that Watts's lack of proper training explained the weakness of his drawing, but that he compensated for this by his mastery of Titianesque colour. But his colour suffers from the same fault. Ruskin wrote to him saying, "You depend too much on blending, and too little on handling." To handle colour is, as it were, to grasp it. Watts could not have committed himself to that extent. His colour is strong but elusive because it never *belongs* to the forms. In his early eighteenth-century-like portraits, the colour is applied like rouge to the pink cheeks. In his later allegorical works the colour is like thick stained glass through which one sees darkly the subject on the other side. It is the same with his sculpture. He could never accept the subject as an organic whole. In his bust of *Clytie*, the muscles were modelled from a man, the face from a woman. And it is this separation of the parts which causes, amongst other things, the nipples to appear so incongrously blatant—one wonders what Gladstone said and noticed when Watts asked his opinion.

As in all Victorian art, it is the sexual element in Watts's work which reveals his conflicts most clearly. Swinburne talked of the "amorous chastity" of one of his paintings: a concise if unintentional way of summing up their sensual contradiction. The folds of the draperies round Watts's figure are incredibly tortured and overworked in their complexity because they were believed to hide so much—far more than they in fact did. *Dawn's* cloak is about to slip off as she watches the day break above the mountains. Yet when it does, it will not reveal her body, but the never-to-be-looked-at sun which consumes everything.

Watts worked hard, lived in luxury and was acclaimed and petted by society, but when he looked up at the reflection of a night light on the ceiling, he got his first idea for his painting of the origin of the cosmos. *The Sower of the Systems*. When he described how he had worked on this picture, he compared himself to a child, asked to draw God and who "putting his paper on a soft surface, struck his pencil through the centre, making a great void." He was a typical Victorian but he was nearer to our revolution than we tend to think. *Watchman, What of the Night?* he asked. It was Rimbaud who was to reply to that. As an artist Watts failed, but his failure was more significant than that of many contemporaries today who run away from what they believe is the void even faster, only in a different direction.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

THE real importance of the storm over the TV version of *Nineteen Eighty-four* is that it exposes as glaringly as possible the cultural situation in terms of which the Television Service has to work. There is nothing new in the situation itself. We have known all about it for years: highbrow, middlebrow, lowbrow, categories given formal recognition in sound broadcasting by the existence of Third Programme, Home and Light. Yet though we know all about it, when a storm does blow up, as over the Orwell adaptation, it always comes as a shock; the cultural rifts between us are revealed as greater than we had supposed. After the first broadcast of *Nineteen Eighty-four* there was a discussion in *Panorama* on the play, and whether it should have been put on, between Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge and Mr. Michael Barry, the Head of Television Drama, on the one hand, and on the other a protesting alderman from Tunbridge Wells and the television critic of a national newspaper: it was very early painfully clear that the alderman not only had not the faintest notion of what Orwell was getting at but also could not understand Mr. Muggeridge's defence: they were speaking different languages. It is very probable that the outraged pillar of local government had not even heard of Orwell before the night of December 12, but he knew what he wanted on television and it wasn't *Nineteen Eighty-four*. Moreover, it did not appear that he had the cultural equipment necessary for him to accept it. *Nineteen Eighty-four* was horrific, and that was enough.

This question of cultural equipment is something I suspect that highbrows, horrified by the spectacle of a considerable section of the public horror-struck by Orwell, do not take sufficiently into account. Mr. Muggeridge pointed out that the logical end of the alderman's argument would be to prevent *King Lear* from ever being presented on television. True enough; but I doubt if the point would be well taken by someone who had neither read nor seen *Lear*. The retort, I fancy, would be similar to one made in another discussion in *Panorama* a month or so ago, when Miss Marghanita Laski debated horror-comics with a woman member of a London borough council. Miss Laski was saying that all the horrors in the comics under inspection could be found in the works of highly reputable writers. One, she said, appeared in a novel by Miss Dorothy Sayers; and pat came the answer: if that was so, Miss Sayers ought to be banned too.

The appeal to the literature of the past, with which the educated are theoretically stored, will not, I think, work. How can it, indeed, when for the great mass of the public that literature is literally a closed book? Our public today must be the most squeamish and the softest in history. Think of the public in the days of the first Elizabeth! There are many reasons for this softness, but we need not look beyond the situation as it has existed roughly since the passing of Forster's Education Act, one result of which was to bring into being a whole new periodical-publishing industry dedicated to the providing of a scarcely literate public with pre-digested reading matter. The counterpart of this predigested reading matter forms a large proportion of the programmes the B.B.C. puts out in the Television Service. It is now apparent that any violent departure from it is regarded by many viewers as a malign attack on their sense not only of what is right and proper but of their security: it seems that even before the interval of *Nineteen Eighty-four*, that is, well before the visual horrors had been reached, the B.B.C. was already being assaulted by indignant telephone calls. What was being defended, it seems, was the sanctity of the Sabbath which, so far as TV is concerned, should be sacred to pap, and the innocence of children; for viewing, it must be remembered, is largely a family concern. This means, in effect, that any given programme is judged by its suitability for the youngest member of the family present.

It is difficult not to see in the brou-ha-ha over *Nineteen Eighty-four* a parallel with the recent prosecutions of allegedly obscene books. Viewers who complain that Orwell's programme is a violation of family watching are really echoing the Recorder's remarks to the jury in a recent case: "A book which might not affect the mind of an archbishop might well affect the mind of . . . a girl just budding into womanhood"; with this distinction, that in the case of the TV programme the person who must not be offended is not a girl just budding into womanhood but any small child who ought to have been in bed hours before the programme began.

Obviously, the only cure for this situation lies in the schools, in better education. But that is a long-term cure. What is the B.B.C. to do in the meantime? It was surely wholly right to withstand the pressure to abandon the repeat-broadcast of *Nineteen Eighty-four*, but the news that Sir Ian Jacob proposes to re-consider present TV policy on Sunday night plays is not exactly reassuring. If the B.B.C. can put nothing on its Television Service that will be unsuitable for a ten-year-old child, then it had better close the shop altogether, for we shall have no TV worth looking at. At the same time, the TV equivalent to Third, Home and Light, which will no doubt be practicable in time, is no ideal solution; it will merely recognise and perhaps even deepen the existing cultural rifts.

One thing, however, can be done, and by viewers themselves. If the production of *Nineteen Eighty-four* has shown anything it is that the outraged are remarkably quick on the trigger to make their complaints known to the B.B.C. I suggest that listeners and viewers who believe the B.B.C. has a duty to provide adult programmes

have themselves a duty to make their approval of such programmes known to the B.B.C., and in the shortest possible time. The would-be banners form a pressure-group that is always in being. They can best be defeated by the action of viewers and listeners who welcome adult programme. Their course is plain: when they get what they want they too should jump to the telephone or reach for a pen and tell the B.B.C. they are pleased.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"One Good Turn", at the Odeon
"The Sheep Has Five Legs", at the Cameo-Poly
"Jour de Fête" and "The Immigrant", at the Everyman

I am one who likes funny films, having grown up with them, but how rarely today the cinema gives me a good laugh. I am driven to pick up laughs where they are not meant. The Christmas choice seems more than ever mirthless. With a list of West End cinemas before me, I can pick out only Miss Judy Holliday in *Phffft*, and *Bread, Love, and Dreams*; the Circuits offer *A. and C. Meet the Keystone Cops*—I'd prefer Cops unmet; and I'm afraid I shan't go to Herne Hill for *The Runaway Bus* with Frankie Howerd and Margaret Rutherford. The British funny film, with its appearance of having been rigged up in a remote waiting room on a wet Sunday afternoon, we know only too well. All our variety comedians wander into it at some time—Flanagan and Allen, what a falling of arches!—and now we have the new one, whose face has been teasing us from placards, Norman Wisdom.

I missed his first film, and perhaps I should have done well to pass by the second, *if* he is likely ever to come to anything. But is he? *One Good Turn* leaves us guessing. The script seems to aim at being as well-worn as possible, so that we shall never find ourselves off a familiar groove. Its opening moments indicate, with a flurry of getting up, that Mr. Wisdom is a funny man. Everything around him is made funny—or supposedly so—and he whirls about like a trick cyclist in a cage. The point having been made, Mr. Wisdom is then given his opportunities: these include (a) a storm of tears brought on by onions, (b) losing his trousers, (c) joining, in this trouserless state, the London to Brighton walk and coming in first (pinched from the cyclists of *A Nous la Liberté*), (d) being frisked by a wasp in a crowded railway carriage (Tati's enemy, remember, was a bee), (e) holding up traffic on a pedestrian crossing (and how much better, once, Mr. Jack Hulbert with a ladder contrived the scene). He sings a song or two, he extracts maybe—since here is an orphan and all—a wandering sob.

That Mr. Wisdom should carry away *something* from it is perhaps a mark of his talent. His chief asset is a traditionally forlorn appearance and the sinister humour with which he develops it. When he howls over the onion, he might be laughing his head off; he shrieks with enjoyment before the stricken passengers in the train, and we are almost as stricken as they. His laughter is frightful, galvanic, and suddenly he will slump down into his little platform-end self blowing a silent raspberry. In *One Good Turn* he did make me ripple now and then, but even more he brought gooseflesh. Now this—if he is exactly aware of it and would take the pains to isolate it—might make him a first-rate comedian. But will he try? Why should he, and who is there capable of taking him up? At the moment, I must confess, he gives the impression of having reached the top of his particular tree, which grows in a backyard.

The Fernandel of *The Sheep Has Five Legs* is far more professional, and has known his divine moments, which are somewhat feebly scattered here. He takes five—or is it six?—parts, involving half-a-dozen episodes, and two of them, perhaps, which involve undertaking and seafaring, wholly came off. Mlle Françoise Arnoul has two legs.

For the real thing we must go back to Jacques Tati's postman at the Everyman; where, by the way, they are celebrating a coming-of-age, having entertained and improved us these twenty-one years.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Bartered Bride", at Sadler's Wells

Slav operas—*Onegin*, *Katya Kabanova*, *Snow Maiden*—have been among the most notable of Sadler's Wells successes, and the current reprise of *The Bartered Bride* is an ideal Christmas offering. The piece calls for a large cast of principals, cultivated singing and spirited dancing; all are provided in a production whose verve and vitality betoken a healthy, flourishing company. The spoken dialogue carries great conviction (as it can more easily do in the smaller house) and Victoria Elliott, despite a tendency to push notes beyond the comfort zone, plays Mařenka with artistry. Thomas Round, as Jeník, provided the surprise of the evening, for since we last heard him he has developed a beautifully controlled legato, after the Tauber manner, which brings him to the forefront of English tenors. He moves on the stage with easy confidence, and would make a fine Laca should Sadler's Wells ever be in a position to mount *Jenufa*. The whole production gains point because it is played within a framework of "social realism"; although Smetana's comedy is beautifully shaped, there is nothing mannered about it. These are real people; the Marriage Broker is not a harmless quack like Dr. Dulcamara, but a dangerous man whose bonhomie masks a meddling with the villagers' lives for his own profit. The point need not be pressed, but it helps account for the consistency of the entertainment. Mařenka's lament in the third act is as serious as the villagers' pleasure in their holiday is spontaneous. Vilem Tausky gives an attractively direct account of the witty, varied, concise and flawless score.

A.P.

Correspondence

ARTISTS MISSING FROM THE TATE

SIR,—Sixteen months ago in a letter to the press I gave a list of British artists still missing from the Tate Gallery's permanent collection. Since then four on my list have been acquired. A reasonable Jankel Adler and a very small Cecil Collins have been accepted as gifts; a good, but early and smallish Robert Colquhoun, and a very small Josef Herman have been bought.

After these acquisitions, the one gallery where foreign visitors might expect to find some indication of recent developments in British art contains no single example of the work of Robert Adams, Kenneth Armitage, Michael Ayrton, W. Barns-Graham, Geoffrey Clarke, Prunella Clough, John Craxton, Alan Davie, Terry Frost, William Gear, Adrian Heath, Roger Hilton, William Johnstone, Karin Jonzen, Louis le Brocquy, Robert MacBryde, Kenneth Martin, John Minton, Winifred Nicholson, Eduardo Paolozzi, Mary Potter, Peter Potworowski, Michael Rothenstein, Adrian Ryan, William Scott, Julian Trevelyan, William Turnbull, Keith Vaughan, John Wells or Bryan Wynter.

Everyone will suggest a different list, I know. Mine is prompted partly by a consideration of the present contents of that part of the permanent collection devoted to modern British art. The Tate itself has already set the level—and not all that high. What is more, artists younger than any on my list have already been acquired. I believe a substantial number of the thirty absent artists I have named would in any case remain in most alternative lists. For example, I have just noticed that twenty of them feature among the sixty-four artists illustrated in Sir Herbert Read's "Pelican," *Contemporary British Art*, published in 1951. I received a note last year from the Director of a famous Museum of Art in the United States informing me that the "missing generation" of British artists were better represented in his gallery than at the Tate. It is, of course, the common experience of many of the younger British

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artists that their works find a place in public collections in America long before they are recognised in a similar fashion in this country. Yet lack of money is no excuse. Every one of the thirty artists I have just named could be represented by an example of his or her best work, of "gallery scale," for a total expenditure of rather less than half the sum just paid for the Tate's new small Matisse (though not, as we know, mainly out of Tate funds).

Not that the Tate does not need the Matisse—which is a lively, and lovely, sketch. He was less well represented than Picasso, though better represented than Braque or Leger. Nor do I feel, to revert to the British school, that sixteen Sutherlands is *necessarily* excessive. But it looks so when one finds only three works by Hitchens (none post-war), and only four small, unimportant Ben Nicholsons. A couple of recent major works by Nicholson, as well as an example of his non-figurative period (of which there is nothing) and a number of the recent landscapes of Ivon Hitchens would be needed to give a foreign visitor a more balanced view of the achievement of the older generation here. Again, five large Bacons and six by Edward Burra, perhaps justified in themselves, may very well not seem so in the total absence of so many others.

Finally, however, let me say that although the Tate shows little sign at present of taking its responsibilities towards living British artists very seriously, it is in other ways beginning to move in a more promising direction. Since the war the acquisitions and loans of contemporary painting and sculpture from France and Italy are admirable—and are just beginning to give the place the air of a Museum of Modern Art (in addition to its other functions). The very fine Picassos acquired are in themselves cause for very sincere congratulation. A major recent Braque is now an imperative need. (The most recent Braque dates from 1927.) And, of course, post-war French painting and sculpture has barely begun to figure in the collection. The Soulages and the Antoine Pevsner are splendid (and daring) acquisitions. But one hopes that Manessier, Bazaine, Estève, de Staël, Hartung, Buffet (rather than Minaux, already acquired, one would have said), Germaine Richier and Adam are being kept in mind. And there are still such notable absentees as Mondrian, Gabo, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters (all resident in this country for considerable periods), Vlaminck, Marc, Nölde, Beckmann, Dix, Severini, Boccioni, Carra, and the Americans, Pollock, Tobey, Calder, Motherwell and Shahn. So let the Tate press on, unhampered by mere politics.

PATRICK HERON

MIRAGE IN THE WASTELAND

SIR,—Could someone explain why, even in your magnificent leader of December 17, the threat of retaliatory thermo-nuclear bombing is still called a deterrent to aggression?

Presumably it is the Russians who are to be deterred. But they have thermo-nuclear weapons, too. And, as everyone knows, these devices are indiscriminately murderous. An H-Bomb of the kind already tested—but they are no doubt more powerful now—would, roughly speaking, (a) wipe out all life and most masonry in 300 square miles about its point of explosion; (b) kill, maim, burn and cause radio-activity injury over 1,200 square miles; (c) cause serious burns and injury to eyes over about 3,000 square miles; and (d) cause some damage and injury over about 5,000 square miles.

The approximate mean population density of the U.S.S.R. and Sovietised countries is about 20 per square mile: the mean (approximate) population density of the U.S. and Western Europe is 270 per square mile (U.K. about 550; U.S. about 51). So a single H-Bomb of the type tested would kill at least 8,000 people and affect about one hundred thousand in the U.S.S.R., but would kill at least 68,000 people and affect over a million and a quarter in a Nato country.

In Britain we are 50 million people in 88,000 square miles. The U.S.S.R. and her allies have only about four times the population in well over a hundred times the space. That is, *they* might disperse population and decentralise industry; we could not.

On which side does the deterrent force lie?

In the Disarmament Committee of the U.N. the Russians have not, since they acquired thermo-nuclear weapons, changed their prior condition for agreement to a controlled disarmament treaty: it is still prohibition of weapons of mass-destruction; and subsequent destruction of stocks.

Had we not better stop mucking about and hasten to accept this condition before the Russians change their mind and cease to be willing to deprive themselves of a substantial advantage in thermo-nuclear warfare?

EDWARD HYAMS

Molash, Kent.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

SIR,—Miss Sybil Morrison's letter is rather out of date. Efforts have already been made to protect the speaking pitches from the encroachment of parking motorists.

When, during last summer, meetings became few and far between owing to parked cars occupying these pitches, I took legal advice on the matter and discovered that there was no "right," legal or customary, to hold public meetings in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Applications to the Holborn Borough Council and the London County Council were referred to the Police authorities. My solicitor accordingly wrote to the Police Commissioner and the latter's reply may be summarised as follows:—

> Public meetings are allowed in Lincoln's Inn Fields entirely at the discretion of the Police on the spot. The Commissioner has no objection to these meetings if they are conducted in an orderly manner and provided they do not cause obstruction. In his view, however, the present traffic congestion of London and the inadequate parking space available make it convenient and preferable that these spaces should be used as parks.

Upon this information I held a public meeting to discuss the position. It was then agreed between speakers that audiences should be asked to pay for the services of an attendant who would, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. endeavour to keep these pitches clear. That is why, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at least, there are always meetings in progress during the lunchtime. The payment to the attendant is made by the attendant himself taking up a collection (for himself alone) after the speaker has announced the reason therefor.

It should be added that the attendant can only "request" motorists not to park. So far, however, most intending parkers have co-operated very courteously. The Police, also, have always shown a co-operative spirit. So long as the pitches are actually clear of cars, the officers show no reluctance at all to grant permission. Indeed, they often seem quite interested that the meetings should go on.

If Miss Morrison wishes to continue speaking she will have no difficulty if she is prepared to adopt this method.

FREDERICK LOHR

170 Westbourne Terrace,
W.2.

KATHLEEN FERRIER

SIR,—It is regrettable that Mr. Andrew Porter in his review of the book about my sister, Kathleen Ferrier, should have thought it worth while to refer to a phrase in a letter from her to Neville Cardus as being "an unforgiving and distorted reference to that five-year-old notice." He continues: "It is unfortunate that a phrase which no responsible critic could have written should have been reproduced without a footnote to set it right."

May I offer a footnote?

The passage in question was—"'this goitrous singer with the contralto hoot' said THE NEW STATESMAN." It derived not from one, but from two notices. Mr. Edward Sackville West in Gramophone Notes of August 24, 1946, reviewing "Che faro" and "Art thou troubled?" wrote, "Both the Handel aria and 'Che faro' demand the grand style. Miss Ferrier does not command this and her low notes have the goitrous quality that seems endemic among English contraltos."

Mr. Shawe-Taylor in his review of *Orfeo* dated June 28, 1947, wrote, "If she could bring the top five or six notes of her voice into a smoother relationship with her noble lower octave, breathe more quietly, abandon the lingering traces of oratorio hoot," etc.

These notices appeared during a period when my sister was making tremendous efforts. It is questionable whether the use of such a phrase as "oratorio hoot" was helpful.

But your reviewer should not need to be reminded that her illness was of long standing. The word "goitrous" struck deeply, causing her much anguish.

What needs setting right in a footnote is the withdrawal of that word "goitrous." I agree with your reviewer: no *responsible* critic could have written it.

WINIFRED M. FERRIER

145 Queens Road,
Richmond, Surrey.

[MR. PORTER writes: Mr. Sackville West's epithet was unfortunate—how much so he could not in 1946 have known. But Miss Winifred Ferrier's footnote makes it clear that THE NEW STATESMAN never referred to her sister as "this goitrous singer"—a goitrous quality in low notes, endemic among English contraltos, amounts to something very different; nor accused her of having more than "the last lingering traces" of oratorio hoot. Does a telescoping of what is derogatory in each phrase, omitting qualification, not amount to a distorted and unforgiving reference? —ED., *N.S. & S.*]

RETIREMENT AND PENSIONS

SIR,—Your editorial on retirement pensions deserves serious consideration.

The idea of a basic retirement pension, financed by taxation or partly by taxation and contributions, is satisfactory provided the subsistence level upon which it is based is more generous than at present, and that a realistic cost of living index is maintained for the purpose of reviewing annually the rate of pension and adjusting accordingly.

But has not the time now arrived when we should endeavour to go further and adopt the principle of relating the rate of pension to the level of earnings at date of retirement? This would mitigate the severe drop in the standard of living which many experience at present on retirement.

For this it would be necessary to extend our existing National Insurance system by providing a contributory retirement pension service, with contributions and pensions graduated according to earnings. The two schemes could run parallel.

At present the majority of the working population is not covered by private pension schemes. The introduction of a National Contributory Pension Scheme on a voluntary basis, with full transferability of pension rights, as between jobs, would be especially valuable to those not already covered by existing private arrangements.

KENNETH GOLIGHER

Flat 1, 59 Commercial Road,
Parkstone, Dorset.

GREEK RELIEF

SIR,—May we appeal to your readers to assist the humanitarian work of relieving people in Greece, especially those who suffered in the earthquakes last year and those who are detained as political prisoners and exiles.

Among the latter there are many who have now been imprisoned nine years. They include men and women, aged and young, and many of them are seriously ill. Apart from the prisoners there are more than one thousand men and women exiles on the island of Agios Efstratios who have not been charged or sentenced for any violation of the law. In addition, there are the dependants of the prisoners and exiles who suffer extreme poverty.

The greatest need is money in order to purchase drugs, such as Rimifon, which are distributed to the sick prisoners and exiles by the International Red Cross. In addition, chocolates and sweets for the children, nourishing food, warm clothing and blankets in good condition are urgently needed. Such gifts will be greatly appreciated and will help to bring comfort during the winter months.

Please send donations and gifts in kind to: Relief Committee, L.D.G., 376, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1 (Tel. Terminus 7714).

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JAKE AND THE BEANMAST

A Telepantolette by Sagittarius

CAST

SIR JAKE (*Knight of the Charter*) Sir I*n J*c*b
GIANT ENTERPRISE Lord R*th*rm*re
LEWISHAM CHAMP The Right Hon. H*rb*rt M*rris*n
ASSISTANT POSTMAN Mr. L. D. G*mm*ns
ITANIA, *A Fairy* Sir K*nula Cl*rk
DAME BESTBECAREFUL Herself

FIRST TRANSMISSION

Fade up on the foot of the Beanmast outside Broadcasting Cottage. Enter Dame BestBeCareful.

DAME: Now Langham Place is filled with snores,
Everyone's tucked up in doors;
I'm the only soul awake,
Sitting up for naughty Jake.

(*Sir Jake slides down the Beanmast.*)

He's up the Beanmast, I'll be bound!

JAKE: Hi, Mum! You can't guess what I've found!
A giant's castle in the air!

DAME: I've told you not to climb up there,
The Giant will tear you limb from limb.

JAKE: Who cares? I'm not afraid of him.
I'll knock the blighter out, and then
I'll carry off his magic hen
With all the golden eggs it lays,
And we'll be rich for all our days.

DAME: No, Jake, that you must never do.

JAKE: Why not? It all belongs to you.

DAME: O dear, I see the time has come
When you must learn the truth from Mum.
I only serve the Corporation
In a caretaker's situation;
My weekly wages, far too low,
Are doled out by the G.P.O.
I've had hard work to make ends meet
And keep Broadcasting Cottage neat,
And so I planted magic beans
To supplement my slender means.
But when my Beanmast reached the skies,
Along comes Giant Enterprise,
And half my Beanmast wants to rent
For broadcasting advertisement.

JAKE: What? Take your Beanmast, and your hen?
I'll beard that Giant in his den,
I'll bash him up, his head I'll break,
Or I'm not Giant-killer Jake!

DAME: Do nothing, boy, till you have tried
To see things from the other side.
That Giant has been sent to try us,
But BestBeCareful can't show bias—
I say now, as I've always done—
Each question has two sides, not one.

SONG. THERE MUST BE A REASON.

So there must be a reason I've never been told
Why the B.B.C. Beanmast may shortly be sold.
To a Giant who's ready to buy.
There may be a reason, though goodness knows what,
Why the Postmaster joins in the bad Giant's plot,
Yes, though I can't guess if I try,
There must be a reason why.

JAKE: There's every reason I can see
For a showdown with the P.M.G.

DAME: The Postmaster I daren't offend.
But in the House I've got a friend
Who helps poor widows in a jam.

JAKE: Yes, Mum, the Champ of Lewisham!
He'll see you get your Charter rights,
In Parliament your cause he fights.
I bet you with one blow he'll kill
The Giant and the TV Bill.

GIANT (*off*): Fee! Fo! Fi! Fum!
I'll grind the bones of Jake and Mum!

JAKE: All right, big bully—just you try!
I'll show you what you'll get, tough guy!
You'd best not show your ugly face!

DAME: Hush, Jake! Don't wake up Langham Place!

(*Fade out as she pulls Jake inside.*)

INTERLUDE.

SECOND TRANSMISSION

Fade up on the humble interior of Broadcasting Cottage. Enter Itania, singing.

Little ads. need a lot of room
Little ads. make a pot,
So Enterprise must televise
For Tele-ads mean a lot.

Fairy Itania is my name,
Artistic adverts. are my aim.
I'm snooping for the I T A
While BestBeCareful is away.
I'll soon be giving her the push—
But here she comes from Shepherd's Bush.

(*She conceals herself. The Dame enters.*)

DAME: Jake? Mum's back! Jake, are you there?
He's up the Beanmast, that I'll swear.
Why, that's the Postman's rat-tat-tat,
My Postman Gammans likes a chat.

(*Opens door to Postman Gammans.*)

POSTMAN: I've brought your pension. Kindly sign.

DAME: Step in. How nice it's turned out fine.
I'll put the kettle on the stove.
We're doing lovely at Lime Grove
I've just got back from there.

POSTMAN: Can't stay.
I've got another date to-day.

DAME: Another date? You've got a nerve.

POSTMAN: I was obliged to use reserve.

SONG. MY SECRET LOVE.

Once I had a secret love,
Secret from the B B C;
Could not tell my secret love
For commercialised TV.
Now the Post Office the beans can spill
In the Tory Television Bill
Fair Itania I adore
And my love's no secret any more.

DAME: If I understand your song
The Post Office has done me wrong.

POSTMAN: On with the new, off with the old!

(*Jake runs in with the hen.*)

JAKE: Mum, here's the hen with eggs of gold.
You catch! The Giant's after me.

POSTMAN: Hi, that's Post Office property!

JAKE: Sez you! This bird belongs to Mum,
So just you try to get it, chum.

(*The Lewisham Champ enters.*)

CHAMP: What's going on here, I'd like to know?

POSTMAN: Jake's stealing from the G.P.O.

DAME: He ain't. That hen is mine, you scamp;
Now don't you let him get it, Champ.
And give him one for all he took
Out of me Postal Savings Book.

POSTMAN: That loan the Giant will re-invest
To feather the Post Office nest.

CHAMP: Come on! You shan't finance his racket
Out of Mum's savings and pay-packet.

(*He takes off his coat. Itania enters.*)

ITANIA: Hold! Or I'll swipe you with my wand!

DAME: My word, here's Gammans' fancy blonde.

CHAMP: So you have ditched the Dame, you cur?

DAME: By cripes, I don't think much of her.

POSTMAN: This lady is Itania fair!
Sponsored TV is in her care,
She'll keep the advertising screen
Refined and tasteful, sweet and clean.

CHAMP: That's bosh! Your Giant and his crew
Will turn Great Britain's air bright blue.
Poor BestBeCareful you've betrayed!

JAKE: Mum, just look here! The Hen has laid!

GIANT (*off*): Fee! Fo! Fi! Fum!
I'll get that hen from Jake and Mum!

(*The Giant enters. Jake aims with the golden egg and stuns him. Fade out.*)

INTERLUDE.

THIRD TRANSMISSION

The scene fades up on Broadcasting Cottage. Jake enters, carrying an axe.

DAME: Where are you going, Jake, so fast?
I've told you not to climb the mast!

JAKE: No, Mum, I'll chop it down instead—
The Giant will fall right on his head!

DAME: Our humble cottage you may wreck.

JAKE: No matter if he breaks his neck.

(*Itania enters*)

DAME: Well, here's the Postman's lady friend!

ITANIA: Dear Dame, our quarrel let us end.
Make I T A and B B C
All one big happy family!
I've come to make a friendly call,
For aren't we sisters, after all?

DAME: I definitely wish to state
That you are illegitimate.

ITANIA: If that's your line, you dowdy Dame,
Well, two can play the cursing game.
May all your panel stars forget their parts,
Your weather forecasters mix up their charts!

DAME: May interference blot your glossiest ad.
And calls from angry viewers drive you mad!

ITANIA: May cars without suppressors wreck your drama
And make an earthquake of your Panorama!

DAME: May all your samples be by fire consumed,
May normal service never be resumed!

ITANIA: May hiccupping afflict your titled team,
And Sound and Vision both go up in Steam!

DAME: And may your Popsies' plunge-lines be too low!

ITANIA: May you fade out for ever! Down you go!

(*Enter the Lewisham Champ, the Postman and Giant Enterprise*)

CHAMP: I'm glad you ladies now agree,

DAME: Indeed we don't.

CHAMP: No more do we.
But Christmas-time must bring good will!
Besides, this 'ere unwelcome Bill
Is not a Bill now, but an Act—
We must, *pro tem.*, accept that fact.

POSTMAN: A joint festivity we've planned,
To televise throughout the land,
A Beanmast beanfeast, Christmas night,
To which all present we invite!

JAKE: You've never asked the wicked Giant?

POSTMAN: My boy, he's a respected client!

DAME: To like Itania I will try!

ITANIA: And to like BestBeCareful, I!
Hurrah for mutual assistance,
And peaceful TV co-existence!

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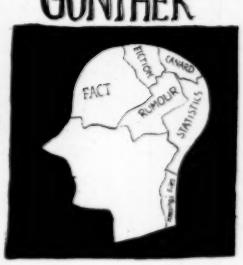

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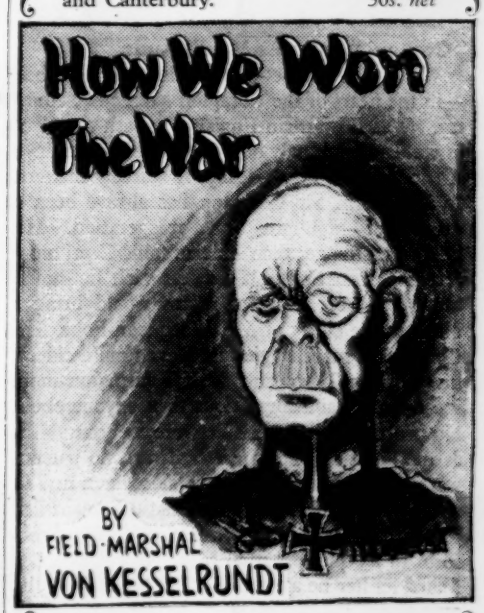

PUBLICATIONS

Books in General

THE time is 1906, the eve of Mr. Asquith's first Budget. Merrie England, an age away from us, lies lapped in its long Edwardian summer's evening, suffused in a sunset glow. The brass of Elgar, the fiddles of Lionel Monckton, can be heard in the middle distance, competing lovingly for our attention. At Oxford the first bonfire of term is blazing brightly in St. Mary's quad; Arthur Lonsdale has just cheeked the Dean. In the Café d'Orange, Leicester Square, the tarts are drowning their sorrows with b. and s., and in Pimlico Harry Meats (*alias* Brother Aloysius) is clocking his mistress. Guy has kept Pauline out too late in the punt at Plashers Mead; her mother has put on her goloshes and is out looking for them. In the gaslit dusk two figures steal out of a house in Tinderbox Lane: Lily Hayden, languid and lovely as ever, and Sylvia Scarlett, wearing her monocle, are on their way to a party. In his rooms at 99 St. Giles, Mr. Michael Fane, fortified by asparagus, quails in aspic and a bottle of Veuve Clicquot, has sported his oak and is preparing for Schools. From a stately home somewhere in Devon the Dowager Countess of Castlehaven is taking up her pen:

> . . . You will perhaps understand that down here in the country the notion of marrying an actress presents itself as a somewhat alarming contingency. If you do love him . . . I shall welcome you as my daughter-in-law and pray for your happiness. I must indeed admit to being grievously worried about Tony. He has not even bothered to keep up the shooting-book, and such extraordinary indifference fills me with alarm . . .

Meanwhile, in the wings of the Vanity Theatre, old Mr. Richards, puffing a large cigar, is watching Dorothy sing her eponymous number in that brightest of all musical comedies, the *Beauty Girl*:

> *When your head is in a whirl,*
> *And your hair won't curl*
> *And you feel such a very very ill-used girl*
> Chorus: *Little Girl!*
> *Then that is the time—*
> Chorus: *Every time! Every time!*
> *To visit a Bond Street Beauty Shop*
> Chorus: *To visit a Bond Street Beauty Shop!*

"Goo' gir'," murmurs Mr. Richards.

We are, of course—where else could we be?—in the heart of the Compton Mackenzie country. Was Edwardian England, we ask ourselves as we read exultingly on, ever anything like this? An inane question. Really, it scarcely matters. In his fiction Sir Compton has always been a master of highlight and exaggeration. His Oxford is stranger than Zuleika's, his Capri more Sirenian than *South Wind,* the rich hot-house atmosphere of his green-rooms would bring a blush to the cheek of Mr. Macqueen-Pope. His Cornwall is more tragic, his Devon more cidery, his Camden Town and West Kensington more incandescent and mysterious than anyone else's. No prostitutes outside Zola were ever so raddled as the night-birds of *Sinister Street,* no parsons were ever so parsonical as the clergymen in *The Altar Steps.* Sir Compton is a natural unabashed Platonist. For him everything in life must conform to its quintessential Idea. If you describe a tart, let her be a tart. Let her be decrepit, let her be miserable, let us see the gin and mascara running down her old, tear-stained cheeks. Conversely, a *jeune fille* should be as much *en fleur* as her creator can make her. Such a temperament finds its natural outlet in the noble art of the twopence-coloured and the writing of romances. Like the tale-spinning small girl in the Saki short story, romance at short notice has been Sir Compton's speciality.

Desmond MacCarthy once remarked that any work of art must have somewhere in it a suggestion of desirable life. However much we may dispute this statement as a literary maxim, it pays golden dividends in particular cases. Mackenzie's is one of them. Even in 1906 the world was never as gay, glittering, romantic, multi-coloured, full of promise and opportunity as it appears in *Carnival, Sinister Street* and *The Vanity Girl**. These, like everything else he has written, are a young man's books. As the Master long ago remarked in the famous *T.L.S.* essay, "Youth is his saturation". It has been both Sir Compton's privilege and his fate as an artist to remain a young man all his life. He has a green heart. But in art, as in life, everything has to be paid for. The youthfulness, the gaiety, the fun, the tearing high spirits in Sir Compton's writing, has been paid for at the price of artistic maturity. Like his own heroes and heroines, his Michaels and Sylvias and Lilys, he has remained gloriously undeveloped, deprived of the one bad fairy's gift that is indispensable to the novelist—introspection. Sir Compton has spent a crowded life buying islands, collecting gramophone records, running branches of the Secret Service, writing best-sellers and waving the Lion of Scotland at the Sassenach across the Border. Though he tells us in his 1937 preface to *Guy and Pauline* that he has none of what Henry James called "that fatal facility" and can only write with extreme labour, he appears never to have suffered a moment's uneasiness as an artist. Beside this bounding septuagenarian for whom the world has remained so beautiful and new, the majority of English writers necessarily appear joyless and jaded.

One thinks of Mackenzie as of a kind of Thackeray who has remained fixated at the opening chapters of *Pendennis.* Indeed, if we were given to literary graph-making, it would be possible to plot an impressive downward curve illustrating the progressive debilitation of the romantic hero from Tom Jones onwards. For it is Molly Seagrim—or rather, Tom's tumble with Molly—that is the missing link in the English romantic novel. The absence of Molly, as Thackeray well knew, leads inevitably to the Fotheringay and Fanny Bolton, and so, at an increasing tempo of unreality, to the incredible nature of Michael's relations with Lily.

Yet the whole of Sir Compton's work is redeemed by two great primary qualities. He has a superb sense of comedy and, what so seldom goes with it, a wonderful flow of invention. Together they give his books a vitality that is rare in the novel at any time. At his best and on his day Mackenzie is an incredibly funny writer. He has compassed the whole range of comedy, from the knock-about farce of *Whisky Galore* to the Petronian humours of *Vestal Fires* and the gurgling Talullahism of *Extraordinary Women.* His throwaway asides are magnificent. I still remember a passage from *Gallipoli Memories* about the members of the Canning Club *circa* 1913 welcoming their distinguished guest, F. E. Smith, on Oxford station platform, at the height of the Ulster agitation, as though he "were William III landing at Torbay." Just as we are about to hurl *Sinister Street* across the room in irritation at its mannerisms, we are tickled with the rich, absurd episode of Sammy, ancestor of Sebastian Flyte's teddy-bear. (*Sinister Street* has inspired a host of writers, including the later Waugh and the early Scott Fitzgerald.) As Arthur Lonsdale puts it:

> ". . . I told my governor I was going into digs with some of the aesthetic push and didn't want to be cut out, so he's lent me this" . . . He had torn the last piece of the cover away, and lying in straw was revealed the complete armour of a Samurai . . .

Again, no one can describe first love like Mackenzie. He is a connoisseur of white nights, a master of the romantic inarticulate, whether the victim is a London schoolboy enthralled by sweet seventeen, or Lulu de Randan dancing a breath-taking foxtrot with her friend Rosalba on the hotel terrace at Sirene:

> "Steady, *ma gosse,*" Rosalba murmured. "You are quite able to dance if you are careful. *Bien! Bien! Ca va mieux! Piano! Piano! Le zitelle ti guardano.* Follow me, my dear. Don't please let these ridiculous people suppose that you cannot foxtrot."
>
> But Lulu was too much overcome by the audience in the ballroom to dance with the least assurance, and she tumbled over her feet in a way that would certainly have prevented Rory Freemantle's investing any money in her as a female boxer. The exhibition she was making of herself gave a good deal of pleasure to Giulia Monforte, who perked up wonderfully. *La Bambola Infranta.* It was an appropriate tune, for Lulu did look in Rosalba's arms not unlike a large and broken doll.

Subalterns, sapphists, chorus girls, Freshmen; Jennie and Maurice, Rosalba and Rory, Marsac and Carlo; they are all Red Admirals in Sir Compton's net, spoils for Hymenaeus, caught up in the clangour of the god's trident. Few writers have recorded so faithfully the devastations love leaves in its wake. As a young man he did not read his Propertius for nothing.

Over the years his style has moved steadily away from the luxuriant, but in 1911 it still had a long way to travel. "Heigh ho! Georgian prose!" sighed the author of *Enemies of Promise,* confronted by that terrible herbaceous border in *The Passionate Elopement.* Re-reading *Sinister Street* recently, I culled the following list of dictionary flourishes. You can find them stuck like plums in a pudding in something less than 50 pages (pp. 818-63)—"desquamating," "feculent," "tintamar," "falciform," "reasty" (a good atmospheric adjective for Camden Town, but he uses it twice), "tristfulness," "inspissate," "nacreous" and "circumnation." Yet strangely enough it is the very weighted preciousness of the language in *Sinister Street* that helps the illusion. As Michael passes the pleasure gardens and Little Bethels of Kentish Town on his way to take a header into the underworld, he imagines "with what apostolic cleverness would he impose himself upon these people, and how after the gravid midday meal of the Sabbath he would sit in

* *The Vanity Girl.* By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Macdonald.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

those green arbours like a horrible Chinese fum." The whole passage has a stucco, bed-and-breakfast leeriness about it that conveys the district perfectly. Yet at his brilliant worst how readily Mackenzie's prose lends itself to parody!

> Smiling gently at the amazing variegation of his metropolitan adventures, Gaveston crossed towards Vigo Street. Already a heartless shaft of madder light was sullenly annunciating the approach of yet aenigmatick day . . .

Hamish Miles and Mr. Raymond Mortimer caught the manner perfectly 30 years ago in *The Oxford Circus*.

There is an extraordinary actor's quality about Mackenzie's writing. His novels are full of Church and Stage and in England, at least ever since Dame Madge Kendal, Church and Stage have been inseparable—and irresistible. As a young man Mackenzie was powerfully attracted to Orders—what a superb theatrical bishop he would have made!—but his roots are unmistakably in the green-room. In that invaluable stage Debrett, *Who's Who in the Theatre*, the Compton dynasty occupies a rubricked place comparable to the House of Habsburg. Actors, as Mr. Cyril Connolly once remarked in this journal, are very Thamesey people; and Sir Compton, as even his fiercest admirers will admit, has at times been a very Thamesey writer. His books are full of actorish good taste—in flowers, clothes, buildings, furniture—but they have also much of the actor's innate vulgarity. Plashers Mead itself is a West End star's Tusculum, the dream cottage that haunts the matinée idol's imagination, a haven of Cotswold peace after the glare and tear of Shaftesbury Avenue. His troupers are built on an epic scale of theatrical generosity; their hearts, like Marie Lloyd's, are the size of Waterloo Station. In the same way the Cockney dialogue in his novels is brilliant, yet it remains stage-Cockney, the Cockney of Mrs. Mop.

All this is the paradox of Sir Compton. Because of his great gifts as an entertainer, we have come to think of him as an actor rather than as a writer. He is like some great composite figure of the English literary stage, who began his career as a romantic young man with a profile, the Owen Nares of contemporary fiction (*Sinister Street*), passed through his Charles Wyndham high comedy phase (*Vestal Fires*), and is now, in his early seventies, an ageless and indestructible *farceur*, the twinkling Seymour Hicks of the English novel.

JOHN RAYMOND

THE LOVE POETS

I always thought of as mere decorations
— A green girl's flattery—the concepts of
Propertius, Petrarch, the Elizabethans.
She tunes the instrument. No, it was love.

We need, as well, the wisdom's innocence
That she possesses; which indents the frieze
Of our flat vision, gives its grey the tints
That sun and gale strike from the marble seas.

Only strong hearts can ride out the strong storm.
Others become, on those great deeps of love,
Rudderless hulks that wallow in the trough
Under the crashing wave. So with the poem.

—As poppy, rose and lime break through the flint,
Fearing such fructifying has outclassed
His skill, I see the craftsman of that mint
Setting his chisel to the gold at last.

ROBERT CONQUEST

CRUSADES AND CO-EXISTENCE

A History of the Crusades, Volume III. By STEVEN RUNCIMAN. *Cambridge.* 35*s*.

"Among reading people in general," a Cambridge professor recently remarked, "it has been tacitly admitted that the history of kings, *i.e.*, the story of wars, political intrigue and diplomatic negotiations, has lost all intellectual value, except perhaps when told in relation to current intrigues and to the most recent wars." It is unfortunate that the admission should have been tacit, for it would be interesting to have the reasons and useful to know the identity of the custodians of intellectual value. Fortunately their silence has allowed Mr. Runciman to complete his history in tranquillity. In his second volume he traced the fortunes of the Crusading States in the twelfth century, closing with the sweeping victories of Saladin. Warfare in the narrow theatre of Palestine and Syria was his main theme. Here he continues the story from the Third Crusade to the fall of Acre, adding an epilogue on the crusades of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But though the Third Crusade restored only a narrow coastal strip, the range of this volume is much wider and its interest much more varied.

In the west the ideology and propaganda of the Holy War were twisted to serve other ends than those of the Holy Land: the conquest and partition of Byzantium, the subjection of Languedoc, German aggrandisement in the east, the Sicilian wars and the financial advantages of kings and popes. Meanwhile the situation in the east was transformed by the astonishingly rapid creation of the great Mongol empire whose rulers were prepared to incorporate the Christians of the east in dependent protectorates. Mr. Runciman is extraordinarily successful in describing and managing this enlargement of the stage. It was not Rome or Paris but Karakorum, beyond the Altai Mountains, which was, he points out, the diplomatic centre of the world in the mid-thirteenth century. The narrow coastal strip of the Crusading States was thus the area in which the interests of western princes and traders, of the Mameluks of Egypt and of the Mongols intersected. Within that strip there survived for a century a highly developed and a deeply divided society, its resources dissipated and diverted in trade wars civil conflicts and the projects of impatient crusaders. The history of the Second Kingdom is thus an intricate and fascinating study in politics; and its interest is heightened by the personalities involved: Richard and Saladin, St. Francis of Assisi and Frederick II, Jenghiz-Khan and St. Louis.

Mr. Runciman has given us a closely packed but beautifully lucid narrative, rather than extended analysis and comment, reserving judgments for his summing-up. But his point of view is sufficiently established by his asides. Saladin is for him the most attractive of all the great figures, St. Louis the noblest character of the Crusaders—"but it might have been better for Outremer had he never left France." There is St. Francis in the Fifth Crusade, "believing, as many other good and unwise persons before and after him have believed, that a peace-mission can bring about peace." There is Jenghiz-Khan, "always ready to spare a scholar's life; but unfortunately few of his victims were given time to prove their scholarship." And there is Baibars, the Mameluk commander who won the decisive victories over Mongols and Franks, "a statesman of the highest order, unimpeded by any scruple of honour, gratitude or mercy." Mr. Runciman has a nice technique of making a point by refusing to exaggerate it. Writing of the Italians, indifferently shipping armaments and slaves to Egypt and crusaders to the Holy Land, he reminds us that "many men, even in Genoa or Venice, preferred to do business in a Christian rather than in a Moslem port." Often the events are ironic enough in themselves. Frederick II sailed on crusade under papal excommunication; the military orders betrayed his plans to the Sultan, who

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in turn forwarded their correspondence to Frederick; and when Frederick recovered Jerusalem it was promptly laid under interdict by the Patriarch. Again there is the incongruous alliance of St. Louis with the Assassins; and the fact that the last man to tour the capitals of the west vainly urging help for the Crusading States was an emissary not of the Pope but of the Mongol Ilkhan of Persia.

For Mr. Runciman the crusading movement was a vast fiasco, a strategic failure for the west, disastrous for Byzantium and the Syrian Christians and injurious to Islam by hardening and narrowing its outlook. His explicit judgments do credit to Mr. Runciman's humanity, but they are sometimes exaggerated and not always consistent. It is tempting but unfair to suggest that what happened during the Crusades happened because of them. Certainly the Fourth Crusade was highly unedifying, but it is the Byzantinist rather than the humanist who says of it that there was never a greater crime against humanity. "Never" has to be used cautiously by historians as well as by politicians. Moreover Mr. Runciman himself is uncertain whether Byzantium was then suffering from "a long crisis" or merely from "momentary weakness." And it is not very easy to see how the Crusades both helped the rise of monarchical power in the west and at the same time had nothing to do with the new security there.

Mr. Runciman's book will irritate those who consider that crusades offer simple and desirable solutions in politics; and it will also irritate those reading people in Cambridge who believe that this kind of history is without intellectual value. But no one interested in the interplay of ideologies, interests and personalities, and who enjoys good writing, can fail to be grateful to Mr. Runciman.

J. O. PRESTWICH

Richard I. Aaron's *John Locke*, revised and brought up to date, has been issued by the Oxford University Press in a new edition at 25*s*.

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FAR FROM OXFORD

The Improved Rhyming Dictionary. By JANE SHAW WHITFIELD. *Thames & Hudson.* 15*s*.

What it improves on I've no means of knowing: rhyme has never been my addiction or hobby. But I realise what I have missed. My perambulations through Oxford, my shady visits to Roget (some strange goings-on there, let me tell you), were no preparation for this; then I sought identity, now I am chased by phantoms; chimes, echoes, doubles, mirrors, multiplications beset me. Byron is no more the author of *Don Juan*: limping, he runs between siren and iron, and not far behind come environ and gyron. Did once Mesopotamia seem lonely? How, with Lamia?

Words! I thought I knew you, but now you are friends whom, by some mischievous interdiction, I can meet only in families, among hosts of relatives. I don't so much mind coming on smoke, joke and revoke together; but Sibelius and alias, editor and creditor (what may not this forebode?), fidelity inseparable from one pellety, and poor pancreas wedded to grass. It is a new, and to me dismaying, experience.

Not that all these alliances are unhappy. Lucifer and crucifer seem well met. Ripest suits typist, and fondness—some might agree—has affinities with blondeness. There are gavial and clavial, a close pair. Metrify should prepare us for petrify. Sirloin requires purloin. And where would be goddess without bodice, rupee without whoopee? More mysterious seems cellist trellised. Can nothing be done for him? According to Miss Jane Shaw Whitfield, nothing; and she is the kindliest of souls, the most sedulous introducer, who relieves singularity wherever she can. Her Christmas never passes without the knowledge that it is shared—however inadequately—by isthmus. To nobody else, I imagine, would have come the thought of consoling capon with "tape on, etc.": look, she says, how much life has to offer.

At her touch groups are formed, societies spring up. Blebbier, nebbier, webbier are linked forever, as are plumery, perfumery, bloomery, costumery; while surely Poe watches over gulch, culch, mulch, and loopiest, droopiest, soupiest stir the shadows in some novel of Gorki or Aksakov. Pharmic has found a new purpose with ptarmic, polypharmic, and alexipharmic; and where else than among scorbutical, latrateutical, hermeneutical, therapeutical and pharmaceutical should we look for cuticle?

I would advise anyone before marrying—or at any rate before dashing off a Valentine—to consult Miss Whitfield. What's in a name? Well, there's Judy: boody, feudy, moody, broody, not everyone's cup of tea. Then perhaps mannable, pannable, tannable Annabel? No? Monica brings japonica and harmonica; and besides Irma you must consider Burma, derma, Syrma, pachyderma, terra firma. The snag with Ella (sweller, Rockefeller, stellar, compeller) is put plainly—smeller. Mary, of course, always contrary, may be anything from scary to constabulary. Eunice seems restricted to Tunis. With Margery and Hermione—neither on Miss Whitfield's list—one should be prepared for bargery and bryony. The attributes of Hetty may sweep us away, what with chetty, jetty, netty, petty, fretty, confetti, spaghetti, libretti, sunsetty, Rossetti, Donizetti; but for better or worse? Finally I must plump for Lucy—goosy, juicy, sluicy, moosy; and Debussy settles it.

Pasturing through this amazing volume—which with its 115,000 terms will be invaluable, we are told, to poets, copy-writers and acrostic-doers—I have come upon life-histories that shortcut poetry; bellowed, mellowed, yellowed has a dying fall; picnic, pyknic, strychnic should keep one off fat girls and woods for a long time. I have clattered down the corridors of -isms, hacked my way through virgin forests of -ations: himation, polymerisation, nuncupation, guttation being only a start. I have met the twins Mishna and Krishna, sister-like and blister-like. I have seen Nippon denuded of all except slip-on. I have learnt that, while a Duchess knows no other diversion than that of grand- and arch-duchesses, a Duke may rove from uke to Pentateuch, caoutchaouc to bashibazook. I have found Genk.

Opened at any page, Miss Whitfield's emporium of words immediately unloads into my lap a dozen or so new ones; for example pp. 54-55:

> dittander, anguine, phanic, mandra, pandle, jaborandi, picanist, cannel, vennet, dangless, opianic, stannic, sanders, tanka, stannel, neanic, barranca. . . .

and that's by no means all. Shall I ever be able to use or understand them? Maybe, if I persevere; but the American language—you may have noticed some departure from standard English—is inexhaustible. The strange thing is that, when I read American poets, or even prosists, I meet none of these words. Don't they know about Miss Whitfield? Haven't they heard of the "time-saving arrangements," the "key-vowel system"? In the end she will triumph. There aren't many points at which I can hope to supplement Miss Whitfield; but I think Papism, apism, red-tapism might be improved by the addition of priapism, and it seems a pity that prudery should be left companionless, with rudery and Mademoiselle de Scudéry round the corner. These are mere raindrops on a swelling ocean.

Some words, I am delighted to find, resist all attempts at pairing or socialisation. Such are dominoes, twelfth, auburn, budget, entasis, gogga and dullest. I warm to them; I shall employ them as often and elegantly as I can. My instinct is really against all this clubbing and hobnobbing. At last I know why Gilbert was the Filbert: there was nothing else he could be. Of course I'm no poet. But give me the word that stands by itself. *Genk!* There's individuality, not of Oxford (where it would intrude between Genius and Genoa), but from the great wide spaces, the wheat-lands, the canyons—in a word, a word. With such let us storm the senses, lulled by time-honoured and (I can't help feeling) too easy rhyme.

G. W. STONIER

FAIRY TALES FOR BOOK TOKENS

The Bran Tub. By DIANA ROSS. *Lutterworth.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

Return to the Wonderful Farm. By MARCEL AYMÉ. *Bodley Head.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

Half Magic. By EDWARD EAGER. *Macmillan.* 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Young Magicians. By MARGARET J. BAKER. *Brock.* 6*s*.

Orla of Burren. By PATRICIA LYNCH. *Dent.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

The 397th White Elephant. By RENÉ GUILLOT. *Oxford.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

Scottish Folk-Tales and Legends. By BARBARA KER WILSON. *Oxford.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Among children of the reading sort, magic is still, it seems, highly valued. And it does offer the readiest means of escape from the inadequacies of being young. But, as anyone who has dabbled in it soon discovers, magic carries its own antidote. Its range is inexorably limited by the imagination of its user—and that includes not only the child in a story but the story's author; there are no easier plots in the vast vague unlicences of necromantics than there are in other fields. Still, if there are to be wishes, let it be recognised that all wishes are sooner or later paid for. If there are to be witches, let them be of the kind of Morgan le Fay, a genuine enchantress and a reputable opponent; not a hideous old crone whose prototype was ducked or burnt in some bygone religious frenzy for her very absence of the enchanter's gifts.

Of the books in this list—all in their ways commendable—the most original is surely *The*

Bran Tub. It may not attempt to conciliate its readers, but a child to whom the poetry of its fancy appeals is likely to turn to it often. The chief characters—Miss Pussy, with her ladylike charm and secret powers, and the low rogue Jackanapes—are dream figures, perhaps; to be taken or left, but not queried. The author leaves us curious at each turn to know what can possibly happen next; she has, too, a nice eye for comedy, as in the witty opening of a very queer skating story. She also makes no concessions to the belief that strain is caused by any but the most commonplace and insipid vocabulary. Children who read these fascinating tales must be prepared to take words like homeric, ephemeral, profligate—and why not indeed? What they are more likely to stumble at is an occasional emotional undertone of an adult kind; it cannot be too often said that morals *must* be administered dry. Yet there is little of this, really. Only one of the episodes—about Jackanapes' courtship—falls below the book's high standard; the title story, in particular, is outstandingly good—magically so; and it is not the only one that leaves its echoes.

Return to the Wonderful Farm, like its attractive predecessor *The Wonderful Farm*, is a compound of French peasant-land and French fantasy. Father and Mother are farmers first and parents later, as is right in fairy tales; it is certainly refreshing to find a story which, though so sympathetic, is so little treacly with endearments. If the events sometimes veer, as they must, to the sinister edge, danger is always averted in time; but the real charm of the book lies in the characters. The white ox allows itself to be educated during the children's holidays; the panther preaches vegetarianism with the zeal of the convert; the didactic drake flies round the world, an apostle of geography and morals; the wolf tries out the sensation of being good. And none fails to rally to the children's support in time of trouble. M. Aymé shows great skill in never departing for a moment from the view of these children. It is natural, then, that the animals should talk; even grumbling at times, like Tchekhovian servants, to their peasant employers. It is natural for the children to wonder when the prosperous pig, whom they find in a cottage in the forest, will eat its rosy-faced boy servant, and that they should feel put to shame by its answer:

> "Eat him! Well, upon my word. . . ! Poor Baptiste! Mark you, I'm not saying he wouldn't be nice to eat. . . . But, good Heavens, if one thought of nothing but one's stomach one would end by eating all one's friends!"

Half Magic a most agreeable tale in the E. Nesbit tradition, tells of four children living in an American city some thirty years ago.

> They never went to the country or a lake in summer, the way their friends did, because their father was dead and their mother worked very hard on the other newspaper, the one almost nobody on the street took.

The "movies" they go to are silent ones; they really read books; they do chores and make their own adventures; and in other ways are well qualified to come into temporary control of a talisman. This not only does, in its fashion, what they require, but teaches them something of the disconcerting nature of the human wish. "That charm," says one, "certainly does improve people once they've been through the mill of it." *The Young Magicians* also touches, in its five unpretentious but pleasant stories, on some familiar dream fantasies: being able to fly, performing a rescue, having a wish. The author has a light touch and a discreet approach to the black science; the illustrations are curiously satisfactory.

In *Orla of Burren*, a boy and a girl, in a wild part of County Clare, wait for a summons to Galway, where their father's ship is lying. With the aid of a magic stone and a wandering ballad singer, they find themselves in the town, but four centuries back in time, when it was the walled city of the Fourteen Tribes, with Granuaile the woman pirate ("Queen of the Western Seas") as its ruling power. So far, it is admirably done; the author is, after all, one of the most seasoned storytellers of the leprechaun country. But from this point the plot needs a clear head if not a hypnotised reader. And yet, however much it is covered up (as here) with a riot of colourful action, anti-climax is too often the result of a leap from magic to history; for, the journey once made, the past has its flatnesses no less than today—even sixteenth-century Galway, with its streets full of sea captains and Spanish merchants; with Granuaile herself of the blazing eyes and tossing locks ("without jewelled comb or fillet"), her crimson mantle lined with snow-white sealskin, her dress of cloth of gold.

Whether he writes of life in the jungle or on the high seas, M. Guillot seems to persuade himself at will into a trance of stern poetic belief. His latest story, *The 397th White Elephant* is a short allegorical tale about a child king, a fretful and arrogant invalid, who learns wisdom and understanding from the king of the elephant world. It is (in the literal sense) a lightweight piece, but the little book is beautifully printed, and the pictures reflect the elegance of the words. *Scottish Folk Tales and Legends* are wild rough tales indeed, with their Fian warriors, smiths and dwarfs, and battles "fought under frozen hills and sombre trees." But there are also the seal-women of the western shores; the Elf-Queen; the Ailp King's tall fair daughter with her greyhound and her long green hair. Some of these stories seem like ballads set back into prose, which is very likely just what they are.

NAOMI LEWIS

DETECTION AND THRILLERS

Man Missing. By M. G. EBERHART. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

He Never Came Back. By HELEN MCCLOY. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Shark Among Herrings. By GEORGE MILNER. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Fires at Fairlawn. By JOSEPHINE BELL. *Methuen.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Murder and Poor Jenny. By MARGOT NEVILLE. *Bles.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Flame Lily. By CLARK MACKINNON. *Dakers.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Destination Unknown. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Grumblers who bemoan the decadence of modern detection should apply their jaded minds to the latest Eberhart. This lady has been taxing our reasoning faculties with her ingenious devices for the past twenty-five years: yet her style is still as fresh as a daisy, and the plot of *Man Missing* is as testing as any she has previously devised. For once proceedings are not conducted under the panoply of suspense which Mrs. Eberhart is so fond of erecting. The murder of a naval lieutenant is brazenly perpetrated under the very nose of our old friend Nurse Sara Keate in a hospital surrounded by sentries. Moreover the hospital is situated way out in some Nevada desert, so the field for suspicion is as strictly limited as in a snow-bound country house. Nevertheless Mrs. Eberhart can run rings round this guileless reader even at such close quarters. Her trick is to start one guessing at the villain, and then all is lost: she will always win at blind man's buff. Concentrating on the mechanism of the crime may be of some avail; but even there the author has another trick up her sleeve. Perhaps it would be wiser frankly to give Nurse Keate best on this occasion and revel in the surprise of the solution.

The central figure in *He Never Came Back* is one of those mousey girls in spectacles whose business it is to flounder about in panic and bewilderment while the plot thickens. The predicament of this heroine is made worse than usual, since she is unable to distinguish, because of indifferent eyesight, between the man she loves and an odious impostor. Miss McCloy showed in *The One That Got Away* that she can handle

1955

BOOKS from the U.S.S.R.

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impostors with a relish reminiscent of the late Josephine Tey; and the two young men in question are faultlessly matched in ambiguity. Even without defective vision a reader will be lucky to separate the genuine article from the spurious. Unfortunately the problem of identity only ranks as a side-issue, and in the meantime the main plot steadily refuses to thicken. Any priceless ruby stolen from an Indian idol should be denied admittance in future to the pages of detection. The entry of these gems is notoriously demoralising to all decent writers, since Wilkie Collins spoiled the market; and Miss McCloy has not escaped contagion.

Valuable rubies (mercifully without Hindu accompaniment) fulfil their fatal mission once again in *Shark Among Herrings*, by disappearing from a Canadian millionaire's loch-side retreat in the Highlands. The loch is important, as it is there that the murderer strikes down the victim in full view of a number of spectators, while disguised in a manner that defies recognition and to all appearances without a weapon. It is clear that Mr. Milner aims at mystification on a grand scale. But the more elaborate the crime the more convincing should be the explanation; and *Shark Among Herrings* sags pathetically at that point. The motive assigned is unworthy of the author's intelligence and the solution founders hopelessly on the rocks of implausibility. Yet anyone who likes detection coupled with fun will enjoy the book. Mr. Milner's jovial private detective, Ronald Anglesea, is in rollicking mood, and the characters are even more entertaining than those in his first work, *Stately Homicide*. One young delinquent, for instance, may actually make you laugh out loud.

Miss Bell is a practised hand at involving charming middle-class couples in amateur murder investigation. In *Fires at Fairlawn* the trouble starts when the new owners of an English country house begin to worry about the fate of the previous occupant. How did the paralysed old lady come to set fire to herself at a gas fire that was out of order? The countryside is soon seen to be teeming with dubious characters, so the young couple buckle to, although any reader with horticultural knowledge should be a jump ahead of them from the start. A very cosy investigation ensues among the usual village worthies, builders, plumbers, clergymen, gardeners and such-like, ending in a foregone conclusion.

In the hot climate of Australia the English language seems to become dehydrated almost to the level of baby-talk. Staggered by Miss Neville's limited vocabulary and the staccato platitudes she ascribes to the citizens of Sydney in lieu of conversation, the casual reader might be tempted to reject *Murder and Poor Jenny* out of hand, and thereby miss the extreme artfulness of the *dénouement*. When Jenny finds a dead man in her Sydney flat, it would be best not to rush to the simple conclusions suggested by the simplicity of the style. There is a catch to beware of and a clue to look out for, if one hopes to win this Test Match against Australia.

A boys' prep. school in Southern Rhodesia is an odd setting for a thriller, but what a relief to get away from atomic spies to a world of black mambas and baboons! *The Flame Lily* is the school badge; and the hero, who is an air pilot recovering his nerve after a crash by doing a little schoolmastering, is soon busy trying to discover which of his colleagues murdered his predecessor and would like to murder him. Mr. Mackinnon works up an exciting story against the exotic background and awards the last mouthful of villain, very appropriately, to a lion.

It is a rare event for Mrs. Christie to come at the bottom of the list, but *Destination Unknown*, if written by anyone else, would not even rank for mention. (Her devotees had better not open the book, unless prepared for a shock.) The whisking away of scientists and other important persons behind the Iron Curtain has fired Mrs. Christie's imagination into concocting the wildest Shangri-la type of thriller. The Missing Diplomats must now carry another load on their conscience.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

JOHN BULL'S TUNE

God Save the Queen! By PERCY A. SCHOLES. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Dr. Scholes has a slightly deterrent subtitle ("The History and Romance of the World's First National Anthem") and a solemn preface ("it is hard to believe that any intelligent and loyal Briton will not feel the book to have been worth writing"), but his contents are a delight. Anyone who has read the six pages in the same author's *Oxford Companion to Music* devoted to our National Anthem will know that the field is a rich one for detection both literary and musical, and for humour. Dr. Scholes "does not dare to pronounce" but will permit himself very tentatively to suggest. His guess is:

> (1) That somebody in 1689 made up a *God Save the King* poem out of scraps of previously existing phrases. (2) That he or somebody else put a tune to it, using, consciously or unconsciously, similar scraps of melody that had been floating about for three-quarters of a century or more in dances, folk-carols and songs, keyboard pieces and the like, being, in this, chiefly influenced by reminiscences of the Bull tune.

The patient garnering of these previously existing phrases and scraps of melody has yielded fascinating chapters. Wonderfully far-fetched

Company Meeting

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, LTD.

NAME CHANGED TO
THE BRITISH PETROLEUM
COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL INCREASE AND SCRIP ISSUE APPROVED.

At an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, Limited, held on Dec. 16 in London, the proposed increase of capital and scrip issue, and the change of the Company's name to The British Petroleum Company, Limited, were unanimously approved.

Sir William Fraser, C.B.E., LL.D. (the Chairman), before putting the proposals to the Meeting, said: First of all, certain adjustments will have to be made in the balance sheet as at 31st December, 1954, of the parent Company, and also in the consolidated balance sheet, arising from the settlement made in connection with our interests in Iran. The main differences on the Liabilities side will be the disappearance of the Special Contingencies Account; there will also be adjustments in Provision for Taxation. On the Assets side we shall be eliminating all those relating to our former interests in Iran. It is anticipated that all necessary adjustments can be effected without drawing on General Reserve Account.

As described in the statement posted to Stockholders on 30th October, the Company is to receive, over a period of years, a net payment of £25 millions from the Iranian Government and, related to production, approximately £214 millions (at the current dollar exchange rate) from the other Companies participating in the Consortium as a result of the agreements recently concluded. It is intended that these sums should be utilised for the further development of our business and it is reasonable to expect that they, together with depreciation provision, should go far towards meeting our future capital requirements.

UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES FROM 1946 ONWARDS

It may be recalled that from 1946 onwards I have frequently stated that but for unusual circumstances larger dividends on the Ordinary Stock would have been warranted.

From 1947 to 1950, £65½ millions were allocated to reserves, compared with £13 millions distributed to the Ordinary Stockholders.

From 1951 to 1953, events in Iran made it essential to retain large cash resources to meet necessary capital expenditure elsewhere. Over these three years, during two and a half of which the Company received no oil from Iran, a total of £48 millions was allocated to reserves, compared with £11¼ millions distributed to the Ordinary Stockholders.

Thus, for the whole period from 1947 to 1953, £107½ millions were allocated to General Reserve and £6 millions to Preference Stock Reserve, a total of £113½ millions, while during the same period the distribution to Ordinary Stockholders totalled £24¼ millions. Total capital expenditure during the same period was over £340 millions, largely financed from depreciation provision and amounts placed to reserve.

FUTURE DIVIDENDS

In 1953 our capital expenditure amounted to £75 millions and in the current year is about £55 millions; the principal capital projects now in hand should shortly be completed, and during next year and for some time capital expenditure will, I expect, be on a smaller scale. It should, therefore, be possible in future to distribute as dividends a larger proportion of the profits available. I would remind Stockholders that our profits depend on conditions prevailing throughout the entire industry and that the oil industry is liable to severe fluctuations from time to time.

It is your Board's intention in future to make any interim dividend payment larger in relation to the expected total annual payment than has been the case in the exceptional circumstances of recent years.

You will have noticed that it is proposed at this time to increase the authorised share capital of the Company by £87 millions to a total of £120 millions, although only £80,550,000 is required to make the presently proposed issue of Ordinary Shares by capitalising that amount of the General Reserve Account of £111 millions. No requirements are at present foreseen that would call for an early issue of the balance of the unissued capital.

I will only add that our profit margins this year are less than last, but with the increased quantity of our sales I expect that our earnings for 1954 will not greatly differ from those of 1953.

THE COMPANY'S NEW NAME

The new name proposed for the Company conforms with its overall operations and changed position in the Iranian oil industry. The Company's main trade mark remains BP, as first adopted in 1921 and of recent years incorporated in the titles of most of our subsidiary and associated marketing companies.

The formal business of the Meeting having been concluded, Sir Arthur Evans said: Mr. Chairman, before we disperse I would like, if I may, to make a few remarks, as an individual stockholder of the Company who has followed closely the fortunes of the Company since that fateful month of December four years ago. I refer to the time when the Agreement, which was awaiting ratification by the Iranian Parliament, was withdrawn, with all its serious repercussions. I venture to think that rarely has any Board, that is any Board engaged in a vast international undertaking of the highest importance not only to this country but other countries concerned, been faced with so many complex and serious situations. Had it not been for the patience which the Board has exercised, and the guidance which our Chairman, Sir William Fraser, has given to the Company, I do not think that we would have been meeting here to-day to approve the proposals which have now received your sanction.

I doubt very much whether it would have been possible for our Company, through D'Arcy Exploration, to increase the Company's interest to 50 per cent in the Triad Oil Company of Calgary, representing a sum of no less than £7 million.

BOARD AND STAFF THANKED

In spite of the criticism that has been made from certain quarters, a criticism which I think we must all agree was inevitable in the stern circumstances which the Board was called upon to face, all of us I think must be agreed that as a result of the resolutions which we have now passed, the finances of the Company are brought more closely in line with the capital actually employed by the Parent Company, its subsidiaries and its associates. It is for these reasons that I would like to thank you, Mr. Chairman, your colleagues on the Board and the members of the staff, both in the field and at home, for the really splendid manner in which you have pulled together as a team through unparalleled times, thus making a most practical contribution to the future of the new British Petroleum Company. And, in venturing to express my gratitude to you and your colleagues, I am sure I am speaking on behalf of the vast majority of the members of this Company who are unable to be with us to-day. (Applause.)

Sir William Fraser: Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for the very kind remarks that have just been made. My colleagues and I greatly appreciate the support and encouragement that has been extended to us during these rather trying times. We have had many difficulties to contend with during the past few years, and I hope that we can now look forward to a period of steady progress in the development of the Company's business. Thank you very much. (Applause.)

theories of authorship are examined, including Brewer's Fable ("the original manuscript is still preserved in Antwerp Cathedral"), that recurrent letter to *The Times*, due every fifty years, which credits the tune to Lully, and the comprehensive pronouncement of the New York *Sun*:

> . . . the Germans got it from the Norsemen, who had probably heard it sung by the Finns, who most likely captured it from the Huns, who doubtless brought it from Asia when they entered Europe. . . . It, or something like it, was perhaps sung by the Jews in the first temple, and they may have borrowed it from the Egyptians.

Anyone who has used the cuttings-library of a newspaper office will know how fictions are perpetuated in print—dug up and reiterated by some reporter decades after their first appearance. So it has been with *God Save the King*. Dr. Scholes cuts through the nonsense, and omits nothing that may be relevant, or diverting.

Some of the fun is musical. The author reproduces a truly remarkable barrel-organ version, and some spicy nineteenth-century vocal cadences. The sentiments of the second verse were often found distasteful. In 1839 the Rev. W. H. Henslowe proposed:

> O Lord our God arise,
> Convert our enemies,
> Raise them that fall.
> Extend our politics,
> Make us true Catholics,
> On Thee our hopes we fix,
> O save us all!

Ingenious (if denominationally ambiguous), yet decidedly inferior to the version brought to light in *The Times* by "A Victorian":

> . . . Her Majesty replied that she did not think she would desire a change, but that the lines might be read to her. If I remember rightly the version began:
>
> O Lord our God arise!
> Bless England's enemies
> And make them good.
>
> The Queen then said, "No. I *wish* to confound their politics and frustrate their knavish tricks." So the question dropped.

Royal intervention was often decisive. King George V complained that at the official speed (MM 84) "the performance was often lacking in feeling," and accordingly *King's Regulations* in 1933 decreed the more heartfelt tempi of MM 60 and 52.

Dr. Scholes has made a lively collection of parodies (as early as 1748 the Westminster Fish Market ended an advertisement with: "That men of all degrees/ May turbot eat"). He devotes a chapter to the tune's employment by other composers. Alongside Abt Vogler's *Kontrapuntische Bearbeitung des englischen Volkslieds God Save the King* he might have added Rossini's opera *Il Viaggio a Reims*, whose banquet scene includes the air, and six other national tunes besides.

ANDREW PORTER

Week-end Competition

No. 1,296

Set by Benedict Nicolson

The usual prizes are offered for a review, in under 300 words, of a new edition of *1984*, appearing in *The Times* for January 1, 1984. Entries by January 4.

Result of No. 1,293

Set by Hilbrian

Competitors are invited to emulate the metrical pattern of the following poem by Sir John Squire in eight lines of verse, serious or flippant, beginning with the words, "Christmas is nearly here."

> The wind of evening cried along the darkening trees,
> Along the darkening trees, heavy with ancient pain,
> Heavy with ancient pain from faded centuries,
> From faded centuries . . . O foolish thought and vain!
> O foolish thought and vain to think the wind could know,
> To think the wind could know the griefs of men who died,
> The griefs of men who died and mouldered long ago:
> "And mouldered long ago," the wind of evening cried.

Report

What a tintinnabulation of bells! What bands of laughing children! And, on the other side, how many plodding shoppers hung about with parcels and what a coruscation of vulgarly commercial shop windows! Entry after entry confirmed my first impression that the winter feast evokes only two emotions in twentieth-century breasts; and of these, as far as this competition goes, the cynical response wins hands down. I hope now that Christmas is here all such Scrooge-like sentiments have been suppressed.

It was a relief from cynicism to read Ethel Talbot Scheffauer's quiet opening:—

> Christmas is nearly here says leaf to fallen leaf,
> Says leaf to fallen leaf, lie down and wait for Spring.

The turkey in Donald Overy's *Protest at Olympia Poultry Show* had some amusing lines, and I liked Leslie Johnson's firm denial:

> Christmas is nearly here, my dear migsuided chap?
> My dear misguided chap, there are two weeks to go!

The prize money is divided between the four authors of the entries quoted below. Runners-up: R. J. P. Hewison, K. W. G., Leslie Johnson, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, Donald Overy, Pibwob, Peter Alexander.

> Christmas is nearly here—the time for buying toys;
> The time for buying toys is running rather short.
> Is "running rather short" a prospect one enjoys?
> A prospect one enjoys is being called a "sport."
>
> Is being called a "sport" a bargain at the price?
> "A bargain at the price!" The salesman looks severe;
> The salesman looks severe. I'll make the the sacrifice;
> I'll make the sacrifice. Christmas is nearly here.
>
> A. M. SAYERS

> "Christmas is nearly here, brother," said Ass to Ox.
> "Brother!" said Ass to Ox, "tonight an epoch dies!
> Tonight an epoch dies whilst a new spirit knocks.
> Whilst a new spirit knocks a Maid in sadness cries."
>
> "A Maid in sadness cries! Fear not!" said Ox to Ass.
> "Fear not," said Ox to Ass, "Upon this midnight clear.
> Upon this midnight clear The Maiden's tears will pass.
> The Maiden's tears will pass—Christmas is nearly here!"
>
> MARGARETTA BENNETT

> Christmas is nearly here; the Tax Collectors grin.
> The Tax Collector's grin, it's pain and grief to me;
> It's pain and grief to me, the way they rake it in;
> The way they rake it in, they're robbers, blatantly.
>
> They're robbers. Blatantly they send Demands—and how!
> They send Demands, and how Distraint with Costs I fear!
> Distraint with Costs, I fear, those boys will get me now.
> Those boys will get me, now Christmas is nearly here.
>
> H. A. C. EVANS

> Christmas is nearly here, yet I am all behind,
> Yet I am all behind with clever Yule routines;
> With clever Yule routines that I should daily find,
> That I should daily find in women's magazines.
>
> In women's magazines, in simple heartfelt style,
> In simple heartfelt style they make it all cohere,
> They make it all cohere with candles and a smile;
> With candles and a smile Christmas is nearly here.
>
> PAT BULLEN

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7.00-8.00 p.m.	...	31, 41 and 49
8.00-9.30 p.m.	...	41 and 49
9.30-10.00 p.m.	...	31, 41 and 49
10.00-10.30 p.m.	...	41, 49, 216, 290, 375 and 522

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CHESS

No. 273. Having it Both Ways

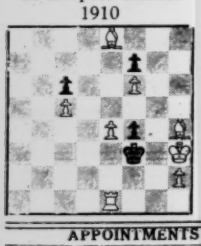
They say one can't; but may be, once in a while (at Xmas), one *can* have it both ways. After so subtle a hint **A**—White to draw—should be far too easy for 5 points, and easier still with the additional hint that it is one thing to inflict a draw and quite another to

A: Henri Rinck 1938

B: J. Trautmann 1910

have it inflicted (though the effect is much the same). **B** is a 4-mover, and in offering as much as 6 points for it my only justification is the cheerful spirit caused by the very look of the piece. It is indeed called "The Christmas Tree." To call **C** a very different kettle of fish may well be an insult to every fishmonger in the country, but it certainly is a fishy story. White has had second thoughts on his last move; so he takes it back and, instead, makes another move which happens to involve a sui-mate in 1; in other words, the alternative move to be made is instantly suicidal. No doubt our more legally minded competitors (once they have bagged their 7 points) will be properly shocked by the deplorable irregularity of these proceedings. They should be pleased, though, by **D**, and they will instantly think of Greek gifts when I offer a small fortune for a mere mate in 1. But they will certainly suspect a snag when I add that the proposition seems even simpler than that: it is a mate on the move for *either* side. A snag indeed there is. Yet, when I mark this brief as generously as 7 ladder-points no lawyer should ask for further refreshers. **E**—a sui-mate in 4—will please the ever growing number of readers who seem to have taken a special fancy for such problems. For the uninitiated I had better add that White is to commit suicide by forcing Black to mate him in 4 moves. If I added any of the more obvious hints called for by this delightful piece I could not overrate it as wildly as 8 points.

C: Leopold Krause 1910



D: Hieronymus Fischer 1904

E: Birgfeld 1918

While **F**—White to win—and **G**—White to draw—are rather more sober endgame studies I hope they are no less exhilarating; but I mustn't give any hints if they are to rate as highly as 8 and 9 points, thereby completing the grand total of 50 ladder-points to be garnered this Xmas.

F: G. Bernhardt 1948

G: A. O. Herbstmann 1935

Usual prizes. Entries by January 3.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 270. Set December 4.

A: (1) . . . Q x KKtP? (2) Q x P ch, P x Q. (3) B-Kt6 mate.
B: (1) P-R5, R x P. (2) P-R6, R x R. (3) P-R7 etc.
C: (1) B-R6 ch, K-Kt1. (2) P-Kt7 K-B2. (3) P queens ch!!, K x Q. (4) K-K6, K-R1. (5) K-B7 and mates next move.
if (2) . . P-K3 ch. (3) K-K5 only draw. The winning line is (3) K-Q6, and if then the P pushes on, *not* (4) K x P (which only draws), but (4) K-K6! etc.

An easy lot, dozens of correct solutions and several newcomers in the prize list, including two schoolboys, G. Dickson and A. Robson, as well as I. Avinery (whose entry was air-mailed just in time from Israel), L. Broder and J. I. Steele.

In the 19th ladder decade one of the "steady plodders" A. J. Head has scored 756 since starting from scratch as one of the 6th decade winners in February 1952. Second (742) and third (704) are A. J. Roycroft and M. Kaye, both among the 15th decade winners early this year. Fourth (665) F. R. Oliver.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order,* 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Director of the Institute for Social Research at the University of Natal, Durban. The appointment will be for the two academic years 1955 and 1956. Duties to commence on March 1, 1955 or as soon thereafter as possible. Salary £1,600 per annum plus a temporary cost-of-living allowance of £234 per annum for married men. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics., in S. Africa and London, is Jan. 31, 1955.

HISTORICAL Manuscripts Commission: Assistant Registrar, National Register of Archives. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this pensionable post. Age at least 23 on January 1, 1955. Candidates must either be University graduates with at least second-class honours in Classics, Law or History or have obtained a University diploma in Archive Administration. Previous work for the Historical Manuscripts Commission or experience in a local Record Office or University Library an advantage. A knowledge of Latin is essential. Remuneration for 45½-hour week: Men £475 (at age 23)—£864; Women £464 (at age 23)—£729. Starting pay up to £534 (£507 for women) at age 25 or over. Prospects of promotion. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London. W.1, quoting 4408/55. Completed applicns. must be returned by Jan. 14, 1955.

CHILDREN'S Service Res. Deputy Warden (Fem.) reqd. Gisburne House Approved School, Watford, Herts (planned to accom. 40 girls aged 15-17 years on admission). Expce. of problems arising with girls of unstable temperament essential. Applicants should also have dom. science/institutional management qualifics. Expce. of approved school or of comparable work and/or recog. child care qualificn. (e.g., Social Science Diploma, H.O. Res. Child Care Cert.) an advantage. Salary: £535×£15—£700×£10—£710 p.a., plus payments up to £156 (maximum) p.a. for extraneous supervisory duties less £108 p.a. for board, lodging, etc. Annual leave: 6 weeks incl. Single accom. only. Details and applic. form (s.a.e) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/1577), London County Council, County Hall, S.E.1.

BRITISH Committee of World University Service requires Associate Secretary. Salary in range £400-£500. Details from W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

OFFICIAL German educational organisation seeks British-born and educated Secretary/Personal Assistant. Graduate pref. Good German, good shorthand, secretarial training essential. Salary £400-£440, according to qualifics. Applications, encl. full particulars and testimonials, to Box 3269.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Committee of Liverpool Orphanage invite applications from men with experience of Child Welfare and Secretarial Work for the position of Superintendent and Secretary of an independent modern resident Church of England Home for fatherless boys and girls at present housing about 50 children, but with accommodation for more. The person appointed will be in full charge of the home and directly responsible to the Committee for its administration and the welfare of the children. Salary £600 together with self-contained unfurnished accommodation (for single or family man) and full board. If the applicant is married and his wife wishes to assist in the running of the home the Committee would be anxious to find a suitable salaried position for her. Applications with copies of three recent testimonials and names and addresses of two referees to reach the undersigned not later than January 7, 1955. Further particulars on request. A. Rawlinson, Secretary, Liverpool Orphanage, Woolton Road, Liverpool, 16.

BONUS Clerk or Statistician (female) aged 19-45 wanted as Personal Assistant to the Works Study Engineer of a South London manufacturing concern. Commencing salary £400 p.a. rising to £550. Apply in writing stating age, experience, etc. Box 3247.

QUALIFIED Master or Mistress (young, single) required for general subjects and games. Small private co-educational school in West. Applic. form on request. Box 2667.

YOUNG superior tutor, first-class references, for intelligent eleven-year-old boy, free to travel. Only cultured personalities; living-out position. Top salary. Apply Box OFA. 2585 CH. Orell Füssli-Annonces, Zurich (Switzerland).

CAPABLE Shorthand-typist required immediately. Good salary and prospects in large Jewish organisation for someone willing to work hard at very interesting job. Box 3227.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

COPY and Shorthand Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

PINEWOOD. The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter, reqs. two staff (1) cooking (2) nursery. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SCHOOLMASTER grad., linguist, 58, back from abroad sks. post Jan. Pref. non-residential, concentrating French. Box 3216.

PARIS. A job there in New Year needed by Languages Grad., 27, ex-actress, adaptable, reliable. Can type. Living wage, but cash not first consideration. Box 3192.

EXPERIENCED high-speed French-English stenotypist seeks temporary secretarial/conference work. Box 3053.

REPORTER/Secretary free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Leon Fellowship. Applications are invited for the Leon Fellowship for Research (preferably in the fields of Economics or Education) for the Session 1955-56. The Fellowship is of the value of not less than £500 a year, and is tenable in the first instance for one year. It is not essential that candidates should be members of a University, but they are expected to put forward a programme of research of an advanced character and to produce evidence that they can carry it out. Selected candidates will be required to attend for interview. Further particulars should be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1, and applications for the Fellowship must be received not later than February 1.

WHERE TO STAY

NEW Year. Spend it at Old Norton House, Rottingdean, the famous village along the cliffs from Brighton. Central heating. Reputed for its food. Friday-Sunday 3gns. Tel. 3120. Proprietor Donald Chapman, M.P.

CONVALESCENCE or Rest? Winter Holiday? A small quiet hotel for friendly people in "Britain's Best Climate." All desiring warmth & comfort will enjoy Normanhurst. Rec. by readers Inexpensive terms for twin-bedded rooms. 4½/7*gns.*, incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, htd. bedroom (cen. htg. everywhere). Slumberlands. Convalescents welcome; Bkfst. in bed. Illus. brochures. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Facing Sth., opp coverd. prom.; Nr. Sun-Lounge orchestra. 'Phone: Hastings 4784. No fogs.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comf. and the food is excellent. Club lic. Sharpthorne 17.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 22*s.* 6*d.* per day.

SNOWDONIA. Inexpensive mountain holidays. Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales.

THE Hallams, nr. Shamley Green, Guildford, has a special New Year Week-end at reasonable cost. Ring Bramley 306811.

MISCELLANEOUS

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

CURE chaps with bad appetites by giving them a little of Rayner's piquant Indian Mango Chutney.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Road, London, E.2. 'Phones. SHOreditch 3889/6046.

WINTER for Men. The CL-Everest vest. Orig. Norwegian "string" vest. Soft, warm, health-giving. 3 sizes, 17*s.* 6*d.* cwo. Andra Co., 115 Longley Rd., S.W.17.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

STOP that cold meal from becoming unappetizing by adding a little Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

FURNISHED 2-room s/c. flatlet, suit 1 prof. woman. Share bath. 3*gns.* wk. inc. bath, light. MAI. 7277, 8-9 a.m.

FACING Ken Wood, bus route. Quiet room with board, h. & c. 5*gns.* SPE. 8425.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Sgle. bedsit. rm., 35*s.* incl. MEA. 3613.

BACHELOR offers share of furn. flat. N.W.2, from Jan. 1. Two large rooms, use kit. & bath. Suitable 2 friends or couple. No objection to child. Refs. GLA. 5350.

PLEASANT sep. accom. offered in exchange care of boy 15 months. One child welcome. Nr. Epping Forest. Box 3242.

WANTED: Flat, W.C.1 or nr., ground/basement, not more than £2 10*s.* p.w., where obedience-trained dog acceptable. Genuine, definite inform. rewarded. Box 3130.

PIANIST accompanist m. reqs. fur. accom. for self & piano. Central. TUD. 9335.

COLOURED Student seeks accom. with English family North London. Box 3232.

YOUNG man with piano seeks bed-sit. and cooking facils., London. Box 3231.

2 Post-Doct. students (Swiss) req. accommodation, easy access W.C.1. Box 3246.

YOUNG couple require furn. flat Central London, Jan.-June. Under £6. Box 3193.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

TWO superb building sites set in castle grounds nr. Tonbridge. All serv. Also attractive courtyard buildings being converted into mod. dwellings. Fr. £2,500. Hadlow 322.

PERSONAL

RENT-Free in return some help, lovely furn. room, cent. htg., own ckg. facs., offd. woman working in own time. Prof. couple, boy 6, Golders Green. Box 3241.

ROME flat to share January: also furn. boarding house London. ARChway 2972.

HEADMASTER reqs. in August 1955 a furn. house anywhere on Coast—sleep 6. Could exch. house nr. London. Box 3128.

YOUNG ex-wife & small daughter for whom life temporarily difficult immensely grateful help of £100 loan, repay 1 yr. Literary talent only security. Dets. Box 3090.

FOREIGN Student (22), fluent German, Russian, good knowledge English, seeks temporary work any kind enabling him complete English studies. Box 3078.

LADY (ex. London area) anxious inc. income, would assist collector (anything)/agent on comm./exps. basis (no personal canvassing). E. Yorks./Hull area. Box 3065.

HELP, home, job, anything where quiet, happy, civilised, creative, encouraging atmosphere, desperately needed by young woman (33) trying rebuild life. Interests: country, literature, art, music, travel, children, philosophy, psychology, politics &c. Box 3217.

WANTED, foreign help, light hsework., N.W.3. 2 hrs. dy. No w/ends. Box 3211.

BUSY people S.W.3 seek one or two others for occasional bridge, probably Saturdays or Sundays. Box 3115.

SMALL landscapes by well-known artist, and a few Old Masters. Bargain prices due to going abroad. Box 3252.

SMALL businesses, much more than large, need expert help to increase profits, but cannot pay expensive consultants. Now, small factories, traders, shops can enjoy trouble-solving advisory service, at low cost estimated in advance. Genuinely helpful personal visits. Strict secrecy. No obligation by initial enquiry, stating type of business and outlining problem. Immediate reply, with full information. Box 3141.

BEDRM., bathrm., board, pocket money offd. student in retn. light hsehold. duties. Ample time for daily classes. PRO. 6688.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d.* stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

YOUNG educ. foreign ladies willing help with children and light housewk. Pocket money. Available immediately for 3/6 months. Refs. exch. Send s.a.e. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

BEFORE buying pictures always read Abbott's Lists of originals by best artists at lowest prices (£1-£10). Box 2850.

FOR Men only! Italian style Sweaters and Shirts, Black Jeans, Cord Jeans, Camel Hair Casual Jackets, Nylon Underbriefs, etc., are available at Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent St., W.1. Illustrated catalogue sent on request.

THERE'S always something worthwhile doin (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for programmes or ring Checkendon 221.

PERSONAL—continued

CITY of Norwich. Playwriting Competition. Prize of 50*gns*. The Norwich Corporation offer a prize of 50*gns*, with a public performance at the world-famous Maddermarket Theatre during the celebrations of Norwich Week, June 18-25, 1955, for an original play either with a setting in the City of Norwich or having a theme connected with the City. The competition will be judged in collaboration with the Incorporated Society of Authors. The play should be full-length but not exceeding 2½ hours running time, and entries by not later than March 1, 1955 must reach the Town Clerk, City Hall, Norwich, from whom full details, conditions of entry & award obtainable.

MENTAL Health Research. Did you listen to Donald McCullough on Sunday? If you did and are interested or have some friend or relative suffering in this way, will you help our work this Christmas by sending a donation (cheque or postal order or Covenant) to the Hon. Appeals Sec., Mental Health Research Fund, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

ALL ages and all stages study at Heatherleys, the progressive Art School. 33 Warwick Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

CONFERENCES. First-class accommodation (single rooms) and catering, with ample lecture rooms, etc. available summer 1955. Descriptive brochure. Apply Warden, The College of Aeronautics, Cranfield, Bletchley, Bucks.

EASTER Ski-ing. Private party April 2-18 visiting Norway has vacancies. Own instructor. Cost £29 10*s*. Box 3055.

GUITAR lessons, Technique/Theory/Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn*. to 5*gns*. a box. One quality only, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

A GENUINE interpretation of your Nativity. Send birthdate; 10*s*. 6*d*. Douglas V. Morgan, Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

A FASCINATING Study. The auxiliary International Languages of today have the beauty of the romantic language of the Troubadours, and advance world understanding. Send 2½*d*. stamp: IDO, International Language Society, 58 Leopold St., Leeds, 7. Interlingua, 6 St. Albans Avenue, Halifax, Unial, Munik-Grafelfing, Otilostrasse 17, Germany (International reply coupon). Concordu, 11 North Avenue, Worthing.

A FOREIGN language an asset: practical training in children's care and light house duties for young ladies arranged au pair with pocket money in excellent French families for 6/12 months. One excellent post in Montreal, and three in Boston, Mass., available immediately. Send s.a.e. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

"SNOWSPORTS in Austria" are our speciality. For inexpensive ski-ing holidays, via the short sea route (16 days London back to London, from £23 10*s*. Snowsport Sleepers 31*s*. 6*d*. extra each way), write, 'phone or call for a copy of "Snowsports in Austria" from F. & W. Ingham, Ltd., Agents for the Austrian Federal Railways, Dept. N.S.9, 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 0942.

PERSONAL—continued

BULGARIA and the magic of the Black Sea! Sixteen unforgettable days' holiday including three nights in Sofia and six days on the sun-drenched beaches of the Black Sea coast. This is a fortnight you'll never forget—magnificent scenery, charming people, excellent food and Bulgarian wines! Day and night in Vienna en route. Departures June 11, September 3. Closing date for booking, April 1. Details from Progressive Tours, Ltd., 100a, Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

SPEAK French, short intensive crse. basic converstn. 11 Charing X Rd. (opp. Garrick Theatre). Open 1-9.30 p.m. TRA. 2044.

CHRISTMAS greetings to clients, friends and New Statesman readers from Anthony Panting, photographer, 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8.

MUSIC to be loved, must be understood. Sir Malcolm Sargent says . . . "'The Enjoyment of Music' is of special value. Mr. Sidney Harrison . . . makes points immediately clear. . . . It is as if we had a musician in our home to talk and play to us." Complete work a beautifully illustrated book and seven special 12in 78 r.p.m. records. All available separately. Easy terms. E.M.I. Institutes, Ltd. (Dept. NS55), Pembridge Square, London, W.2.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

BILL went to France, made friends with Jacques and brought him back. Let us tell you how they met. Robertson's E.T.S. (Organisers of Exchanges and Educational Visits Abroad), 61 Fellows Road, N.W.3.

ORDINARY Writing at 110-120 words per min. All langs. Test lesson 2½*d*. Dutton Speedwords NS 92/3 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

PORTRAIT Painting, 7*gns*. to 20*gns*. Children and adults. N. Kadish, A.T.D., 126, Broadfields Ave., Edgware. STO. 7354.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3, "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

NATUROPATH and Osteopath. John Lamming, 6 Upper Park Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 7062 and Oxford 55888.

PATHETIC husbands galvanised into activity by portraits of neglected spouses. Errant wives creep home for glimpses of their man of distinction, photographed by John Vickers, 29B Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

FOR highly-strung children and adolescents the results of Nerve Manipulation are surprising. A therapy of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., W.1. Welbeck 9600. Massage, Osteopathy. Ask for brochure.

COURIER'S Training Course. Home/Continental. Stamp for partics. H. & C. Couriers (1), 26 Mayfair Ave., Bexleyheath.

TYPEWRITERS Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

PERSONAL—continued

ERNA Low wishes all her friends and members of her British and Continental holidays a Very Happy Christmas and a pleasant New Year.

NEW Year week-end and New Year's Eve Party. We can still include a few additional members at our Winkfield Place party near Windsor. Our office is open for bookings from December 28. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

TWO people require teacher in Catalan language. 'Phone HAM. 6781.

SKI-ING costs less in January. You can still join our party to Kitzbuhel leaving Jan. 8. Excellent hotel, charming hotelier and rapid travel. Only £34 10*s*. for 15 days' ski-ing, good company, escorted by expert hostess. Subsequent departures and independent arrangements. Write Marco Polo Travel, 7 Hanover St., W.1. MAY. 9919.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

GENTLEMEN. Have your shirts repaired as new. Mod. charges. Skilled workmanship. Full price list. Joanna, 26, Southbourne Gve., W. Southbourne, Bournemouth.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 65 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

VISION corrected, sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

TAPE recorders from 25 to 95*gns*.; hire purchase available; all well-known models; brochures: Howard Photographic, 525 Croydon Road. Beckenham.

P.S.—Harold Ingham sends his best wishes for a Merry Christmas. He suggests that his contribution to your Happy New Year may be his Summer Schools Programme—ready next month—apply now to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Coeducation 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

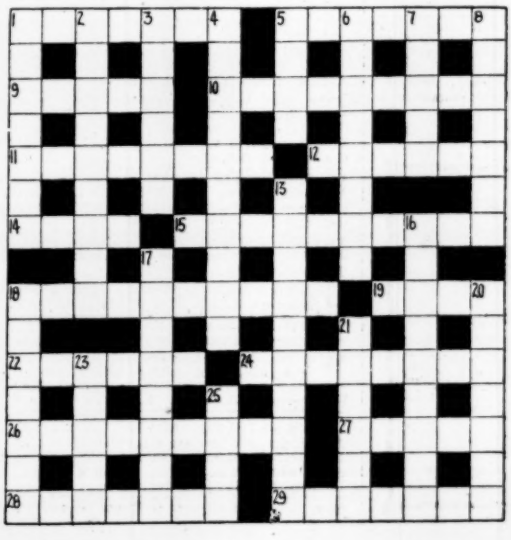
KENT College, Canterbury. A number of free tuition places will be awarded to boarders on the result of the Entrance Examination to be held on February 17, 1955. Candidates must have spent two years in a State-aided Primary School. Full particulars from the Headmaster's Secretary.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

Week-end Crossword No. 132

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 132, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 4.



ACROSS

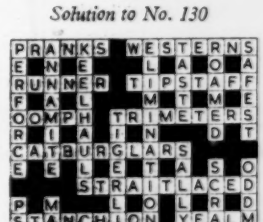
1. Mark married; this certainly does not show the same sense (7).
5. The striker is indeed made a matter for contention (7).
9. What is swallowed by blind guides (5).
10. The man of honour would sacrifice his name to get a lover (9).
11. Sunniest place where dried eggs are produced? (8).
12. Experienced mainly against the Irish (6).
14. Spirit of melancholy (4).
15. The money is to preserve the monk (10).
18. It may prevent illness and can be made to cure pain (10).
19. Affirm greetings to the queen (4).
22. Give a bit of a leg up to religion (6).
24. Aircraft followed by storms—they fly away (8).
26. In the play madam gets mixed up with her role (9).
27. Without harm the mountain would make a main road (5).
28. Though his name has been given, to start with he has no place to dig (7).
29. City belonging to countries territorially adjacent (7).

DOWN

1. Select a Molière character (7).
2. Tragedy of the quieter back street (9).
3. Garments which are only changed inside (6).
4. Magazine that is about prostitutes coming up for justice (10).
5. A publisher's impression? (4).
6. The ammunition in the report (8).
7. Paper you fear (5).
8. Town in which a nude hides amid clamour (7).
13. Drink is meaningless talk after you have got into the team (10).
16. Speaks hypocritically about the means of cooking agreements (9).
17. Something extinct for graduates to put on (8).
18. Courier after the end of the race? (7).
20. Rest is good among the intertwining trees (7).
21. The Italian statesman is not quite a saint (6).
23. I do violence for religion (5).
25. Effrontery was a help to the alchemist (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 130



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 130

J. Burnard (Birmingham), Mrs. F. Partridge (Marlborough), David Wendon (Lowestoft).

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Starting Boxing Day, "The Prince & the Pauper," by Mark Twain. 2.15, 7.45.

EMBASSY. PRI. 2211. The World of Sholom Aleichem. Opens Jan. 11, 1955.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). Evgs. 7.30. Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "Top Note." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). Closed this Fri., Sat., Sun. Two perfs. "Reedy River." Mon., 27th, 4 & 7.45. Mems.

IRVING Th., Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Closed Sat. & Sun. Mon. on at 10.30, "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. inc. guest tkt.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 26: Jacques Tati in "Jour de Fête" (U). From Dec. 27: Jacques Tati in "Monsieur Hulot's Holiday" (U).

AFTER Christmas comes New Year. See 1955 in with S.C.R. Fri., Dec. 31. Dancing, prizes, Members' Bar, &c. Tickets 5s. each, from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (WES. 1571).

NEW Year's Eve. Dance to Stan Roberts & his Star Collegians at New Chiltern Rooms, 83 Chiltern St., W.1 (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Tickets 4s. 6d. at door. 8-midnight. Under auspices of All Nations Social Club. Non-members welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society Dance, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sat., January 1, 1955, 7.30 p.m. Admission 4s. (with running buffet).

AFRO-West Indian Society, New Year's Night Dance, Jan. 1, '55, 7-11 p.m. at Porchester Theatre Hall, Porchester Rd., W.2. Celebrities—the Mayor, High Commr. Gold Coast, Mr. P. M. Mercer. Cabaret. Men 5s., Ladies 4s. Public welcome. Xmas & New Year's Eve all night Dance, & Xmas Sunday Concert, 7 p.m., at 245 Harrow Rd., W.2. 'Phone CUN. 9050.

FILM, Singing, Tombola, Dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. at the Hungarian Club's Grand New Year's Eve Party. Admission 5s. Apply for tickets to 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. BAY. 0273

THE Nigeria Union Grand End-of-Year Dance at St. Pancras Town Hall on Thurs., Dec. 30, 7 p.m. to midnight. Special African Rhythmical Hotshots. Tickets 4s. single, 7s. 6d. double. All welcome.

W.E.A. New Year's Eve Party & Dance (The Kays Band) at 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 7.30-Midnight. Fri., Dec. 31. Tickets 3s. 6d. from Cent. Ldn. Branch Sec., 268 Russell Court, W.C.1. All are welcome.

DANCE. New Year, Jan. 1. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C. 7.30-11. Celebrities, African Commissioners, foreign representatives, diplomats and Mayor. African National Event but Multiracial. Coloured Star Sextet of recording fame. 10s. double, 6s. single. Social Relations Committee of African National & Cultural Bureau.

GOLDERS Green, Refectory Ballroom. This Fri., Dec. 24, Grand Xmas Carnival Ball. Lic. Bar. Hats. Novelties. Prizes, etc. Adm. 7s. 6d. Leading band, G. Turner & Music. 7.45-11.45. This Sunday, 26th, Xmas Party Dance, above band, lic. bar. Adm. 3s. 6d. before 8, after 4s. 6d. Gifts, etc.

CHELSEA. Chenil Galleries. New Year's Eve Gala Ball. Super Carnival. Lic. Bar. Prizes. Novelties. 8-12.30. Advance tickets 5s. 6d. at: Monks, 203 King's Rd., Chelsea. Tickets also at door. Late transport.

SEYMOUR Hall, Seymour Place, W.1. Xmas Eve Carnival Ball. Tickets at door. J. Amlot. B.B.C. Band.

I.C.A. New Year's Eve Dance, Fri., Dec. 31, 8-2 a.m. Dancing to Norman Jackson's Ambassadors' Band. Cabaret. Come dressed for the Circus. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1 Members 10s., double tickets for mems. only 20s. Guests 15s.

CONCERTS

MUSIC for Christmas. The Tenison Singers, Conductor John Lambert, Gerald Wheeler, organ; Saturday, January 1, 8.15 p.m. Church of St. Thomas, Regent St., W.1. Admission free. Silver collection.

EXHIBITIONS

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Christmas Exhibition, Paintings, Jewellery 1800 B.C.-300 A.D.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture. 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

GIMPEL Fils. 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Watercolours by Singier; Etchings by Chagall; Pottery by James Tower.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Rd., N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich Mon-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Peter King, sculpture. 11-5.30 dly.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Fernand Leger Retrospective Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Picasso Pottery & original Artists' prints & lithographs.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With," Granada Theatre, Walthamstow until Jan. 2. Admission free.

DAVID Jones. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 30 (closed Dec. 24 & 25), weekdays 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8, Suns. 2-6. (Open Boxing Day 2-6). Admission free.

DUTCH Graphic Art. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till Jan. 15. Closed Dec. 25-27 incl. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. "Plaisirs de l'Epoque 1900." Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes January 1.

G. F. WATTS. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 16 (closed Dec. 24 & 25), weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6 (open Boxing Day 2-6). Admission free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy, 1954. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Closed 25th, 26th and 27th. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ICA. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Exhibition of French and English Lithographs. All Lithographs for sale, from 1 to 10*gns*. Daily 10.30-6. Sat. until 5. Closed Sundays. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Le Corbusier, Water-colours. Molly Moss, Christine Risley, Diana Balfour of Inchrye, Pauline Spender. Till Dec. 30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ASSOCIATION of Workers for Maladjusted Children. Professor C. A. Mace on "The Child and The Family." Chair: Dr. Kellmer-Pringle. Dec. 30, 2 p.m., at University College, Gower St., W.C.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 7.30, Dec. 29, Ashley Bramall, "The Labour Party in 1955." 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. December 26: "Christmas Through the Ages."

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Is There a Gospel?" The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., December 26, at 7 p.m.

"THE Blue Continent & Italian Red Sea Underwater Expedition." Illustrated lecture by Dr. Vailati, Central Hall, Tues., Jan. 4, at 8. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., Hall (Whi. 4259) & Agents.

YOGA. Unique Film of Life in Yoga Ashram, including beautiful demonstration of advanced exercises by Swami Sivananda's Leading Professor of Hatha Yoga, will be shown by Edward Hain, M.A. (recently returned from Rishikesh) at 3 p.m. on Sunday, January 9, 1955. Please apply for admittance cards to the Secretary, Y.P.S. School, Bridge House, 2 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3, or ring SLO. 6967.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

INDIVIDUAL Psychology: Evening Study Courses starting January. Elementary: "The Life Style and the Life Goal" (Mrs. E. Burchett) Intermediate: "A Survey & Application of Individual Psychology in Comparison with other Schools" (E. Weissmann, M.D.). Details from Hon. Sec., Adlerian Society of Gt. Britain, 6 Colchester Drive, Pinner, Middx.

LANGUAGES taught by conversation at "The Mentor," 11 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2 (opposite Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044. Special courses include: Basic French for Conversation (Beginners); From School French to Spoken French (Intermediate); Colloquial French for Advanced Students; English for Foreign Students. Classes, Private Lessons, Intensive Courses. Afternoon and Evening. Also lunch-hour courses. Start any time. Enrolment daily 1-9.30 p.m. Book now for 1955 courses.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE University of Southampton. Certificate in Social Studies. Applications may now be received for the Certificate Course in Social Studies open to men and women. The new session begins on October 6, 1955. Two Exhibitions of the value of free tuition in the course for the Certificate in Social Studies are offered annually. Candidates for an exhibition must be over 23 years at the beginning of the session. Further particulars may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, The University, Southampton.

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POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

EVENING Classes: drawing and painting in spacious studio at the Byam Shaw School, 70 Campden St., Kensington, W.8. (PARk 4711.) Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 7-9.30, individual lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc., Thursdays 7.30-9.30, practice sessions from the model without tuition. Students may join at any time. New term begins January 11.

PAINTING Rooms: Day & Evening Classes, with models. Private tuition if desired. Reas terms. 374, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. MAY. 4562/MAI. 7096. (After-Xmas Course commences Dec. 28 for 2 wks.)

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ROBERT Graves, Kathleen Nott and Naomi Mitchison write in January "Literary Guide," now on sale, one shilling. Specimen copy from Dept. X, 12 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

WHAT it feels like to be "Colour-barred" is authentically described by a Nigerian worker living in Yorkshire, in the January "Labour Monthly" available New Year's Eve. Order now 1s. 6d. all agents, or 9s. half-yr. from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, London N.3.

SIR Max Beerbohm, André Maurois, J. B. Priestley, Raymond Mortimer and Joyce Cary in the latest Adam International Review, available 2s. 9d. from 28 Emperor's Gate, London, S.W.7.

SOVIET Psychiatric Hospital. Also "Immunisation Against Influenza," "Intra-Arterial Blood Transfusion for Children," & other articles. Soviet Medical Bulletin Vol. I, No. 4 (Dec., 1954). 1s. 6d., post, &c., 3d., from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8, or bookshops.

"HEALTHY Childhood," by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

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